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Allegiances

WINDCLAN
Leader: Eveningstar- black tom with white flecks
Deputy: Sunleaf- orange and white she-cat
Medicine cat: Maplefur- red-brown mottled she-cat
Apprentice, Beepaw

Warriors:
Twistedfoot- black and white she-cat with a twisted forepaw
Pinespots- brown tom with dark brown spots
Dawnmist- grey she-cat
Apprentice, Nightpaw
Birdcoat- dark grey and black tabby tom
Cindercloud- light grey and white she-cat
Silvershine- silver tabby she-cat
Owlflight- brown tabby tom
Beetleclaw- black tabby tom
Apprentice, Flowerpaw
Juniperleaf- ginger she-cat
Daisywhisper- white she-cat
Brightsun- light brown tabby she-cat
Apprentice, Cherrypaw
Eaglewing- brown and white tom
Icefang- white tom
Apprentice, Pigeonpaw
Ashfleck- grey spotted tom
Willowfoot- tortoiseshell she-cat
Dustfall- dusky brown tabby tom

Apprentices:
Nightpaw- black tom with amber eyes
Flowerpaw- golden-brown tabby she-cat with yellow eyes
Cherrypaw- brown tabby she-cat
Pigeonpaw- light grey tom with fluffy fur
Beepaw- ginger tom with black tabby stripes

Queens:
Palemist- light grey tabby she-cat
(Mother of Birdcoat's kits: Smokekit- black tom-kit, Leafkit- grey tabby tomkit, Shellkit- light grey she-kit, Specklekit- speckled grey she-kit)
Lilyblossom- ginger and white she-cat

Elders:
Nimblefoot- brown tom
Vinetail- white she-cat with black tabby stripes and a long tail
Stormstripe- grey tabby tom

THUNDERCLAN
Leader: Foxstar- dark brown tabby tom
Deputy: Cedarpad- light brown tom
Apprentice, Doepaw
Medicine cat: Deermist- grey tabby she-cat

Warriors:
Thistlesight- black tabby tom with one blind eye
Marigoldfern- golden tabby she-cat
Apprentice, Bluepaw
Redspark- red she-cat
Firespot- orange tabby tom with a spotted pelt
Apprentice, Lionpaw
Antrunner- black and brown tabby tom
Leafsting- white she-cat
Apprentice, Stagpaw
Flintflash- grey long-haired tom
Mothstrike- light brown tabby she-cat

Apprentices:
Bluepaw- dark grey she-cat
Doepaw- light cream she-cat
Lionpaw- golden-brown tabby tom with blue eyes
Stagpaw- black tabby tom

Queens:
Emberflurry- dark orange she-cat
(Kits: Brownkit, Jaggedkit, Stonekit)
Rainglow- light grey tabby she-cat

(Kits: Shortkit, Blossomkit)

Elders:
Wildbush- brown tom
Beechstep- light grey tabby tom

SHADOWCLAN
Leader: Kestrelstar- brown tabby tom
Deputy: Hazelclaw- dark brown she-cat
Medicine cat: Snowpatch- grey tom with white patches

Warriors:
Bearpounce- black tabby tom
Apprentice, Rustpaw
Dovetooth- white tabby she-cat
Mudpuddle- dark brown tabby tom
Apprentice, Batpaw
Curledfur- sandy she-cat with curly fur
Apprentice, Flashpaw
Prickleberry- dark grey tabby tom
Hailfall- white tom with brown patches
Rainwillow- light grey and white tabby she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentices:
Rustpaw- dark ginger she-cat
Batpaw- black she-cat
Flashpaw- grey and black tabby tom

Queen(s):
Bluewater- blue-grey she-cat
(Kits: Darkkit, Waspkit, Runningkit)

Elder(s):
Clovershade- tawny she-cat

RIVERCLAN
Leader: Troutstar- grey tabby she-cat
Deputy: Splashfall- black tom
Medicine cat: Streamswirl- white she-cat with ginger flecks
Apprentice, Driftpaw

Warriors:
Sprucejump- dark brown she-cat
Toadleap- dark grey tom with white belly
Apprentice, Seedpaw
Frogskip- dark grey and white tom
Ambertail- dark orange she-cat with brown tail-tip
Apprentice, Specklepaw
Lizardwing- light brown tabby tom
Wolfwhisper- very dark grey she-cat with brown legs

Apprentices:
Driftpaw- brown tabby tom
Seedpaw- small ginger she-cat
Specklepaw- pale speckled grey tom

Queens:
Swallowflight- dark brown tabby she-cat
(Kits: Pebblekit, Cinderkit, Eelkit)
Appleblossom- light golden-brown tabby she-cat
(Kits: Tigerkit, Mistykit, Puddlekit)

Elder(s):
Palestride- light grey tom

Cats outside Clans

Jenga- soft furred light brown Bengal she-cat with green eyes, from Horseplace
Yeti- long haired white tom from Horseplace

Chapter one-Nightpaw

AN: Yes, I've started a new story! This one will definately have weekly updates as I have already written the whole story. It would mean so much to me if you voted on the chapters and added this story to your reading list. It's probably my favourite warriors story that I've written so far! Please enjoy!

"Get your stupid paw out of my face, Flowerpaw!" Nightpaw growled at his den-mate. Her head cocked up and her yellow eyes glared at him.

"Oh, don't look at me like that!" he snarled.

"Fine!" She glared at him again, flicked her paw in his face, and then curled back up in her nest.

"Ouch! You did that on purpose!" Nightpaw growled, rubbing his nose with his paw. He heard Flowerpaw grumble something under her breath, but he didn't care what.

"Will you two stop bickering?" Dawnmist meowed as she padded up to where the apprentices slept in the camp. "You're coming on dawn patrol, Nightpaw," the warrior told her apprentice.

"Flowerpaw started it, she should go on patrol!" he retorted hotly, wanting more sleep.

"Excuse me?!" Flowerpaw sat bolt upright in her nest, glaring at Nightpaw with hatred.

"You heard me," Nightpaw stated.

"You started it! I didn't know my paw was in your face and you know it!"

"Stop!" Cherrypaw joined in. She was now sitting up in her nest, her fur matted and sticking up everywhere. "Do you two need to fight all of the time? You're worse than litter-mates!"

Dawnmist nodded in agreement. Nightpaw noticed Flowerpaw was sliding her claws in and out, tearing up the edges of her nest.

"Come on, Nightpaw. Twistedfoot and Icefang are waiting for us. Cherrypaw, wake up your brother please," Dawnmist meowed, indicating her tail towards Pigeonpaw.

Nightpaw reluctantly stood up and shook out his stiff legs one by one.

"Stop stalling, just go!" Flowerpaw growled at Nightpaw.

"Whatever, if I see your ugly face for much longer I might barf," Nightpaw retorted smartly with a grin. He padded after his mentor, leaving Flowerpaw sitting in her nest, aghast. He could hear Pigeonpaw's slow footsteps trailing after him, and for a moment he wondered why Flowerpaw couldn't be like her litter-mates, Cherrypaw and Pigeonpaw, who were much less annoying. She drove him mad sometimes, he had hated her since they were kits.

She was younger than him, and when they shared the nursery, she was always nipping his tail and clambering all over him. Their mothers had thought it was funny, but he hated her. And now, it seemed, she hated him too.

Nightpaw couldn't help but notice a lot of warriors poking their heads up from their nests as he walked to his patrol. *I guess Flowerpaw woke them up with her incessant yowling*, Nightpaw thought indignantly, refusing to believe he did anything wrong.

"Thank you for joining us, Nightpaw and Pigeonpaw," Twistedfoot meowed sarcastically as the apprentices approached. She lifted her twisted forepaw and licked it as she waited for the two of them to be standing in front of her.

Pigeonpaw brushed past Nightpaw, his pelt fluffy and soft, and stood beside Icefang, his mentor. Nightpaw pushed past Twistedfoot, who was now in a bad mood, and stood beside Dawnmist and started to groom his face.

"Well then, why don't we head off to the ThunderClan border?"

Twistedfoot suggested. "Sunleaf said there was a bit of activity there yesterday when she went on the dusk patrol."

Icefang nodded. "Sounds good."

The five cats all padded up the ridge that the camp was in and pushed past a holly bush into the open moorland. A cold wind buffeted Nightpaw's fur and tugged at his whiskers. It was a chilly leaf-fall. He frequently woke up during the night shivering, wishing that the apprentices had a den like the nursery, but he knew that most of WindClan preferred to sleep out in the open, with Silverpelt glittering above them.

Nightpaw scented the air and drew in as many smells as he could; he tasted rabbit on the air, and her heard a mouse hiding in a bush.

"Can we hunt?" he asked Dawnmist.

His mentor shook her head. "Not right now, we're the border patrol, not a hunting party."

"I wouldn't be here if it was a hunting patrol," Twistedfoot chimed in, limping on her forepaw.

Nightpaw nodded, now remembering that Twistedfoot couldn't hunt anymore. He had heard the story of how she used to be a normal apprentice, but after a dog attacked her and clenched its powerful jaws around her paw, it was permanently injured and she was renamed. He had always felt bad for her, but he knew she didn't let it get her down, though she never had and never would have an apprentice.

"Sorry, I forgot," Nightpaw mumbled softly, his face heating up with embarrassment. He gave his chest fur a few quick licks and continued on his way to the ThunderClan border.

When they reached the border, Nightpaw wrinkled up his nose as ThunderClan scent filled his senses. He could see a patrol of warriors in the distance.

"Let's wait for them to come here," Icefang meowed, indicating to the ThunderClan patrol. "We should talk to them about their scents

on our territory."

Twistedfoot and Dawnmist both nodded in agreement, and the patrol all stepped up to the border. Nightpaw watched the ThunderClan patrol through slitted eyes as they noticed the WindClan patrol and raced over to the border.

"What are you doing this close to our border?" an orange warrior asked with a growl. Nightpaw recognized him as Firespot. His apprentice, Lionpaw, bristled beside him.

"We know you crossed the border yesterday," Icefang growled back. Pigeonpaw squared up beside his mentor, and Nightpaw puffed out his chest to make himself look bigger than the buff ThunderClan warriors.

The other warriors in the ThunderClan patrol all stiffened and let out hisses.

"How dare you accuse us of that?!" Bluepaw, a dark grey she-cat, growled, stepping forward.

"Bluepaw, stay on our side of the border, we don't want to prove them right," her mentor, Marigoldfern, meowed, pushing her apprentice back.

"But they accused us of something we didn't do!" Bluepaw meowed indignantly, looking up at her mentor.

Nightpaw scoffed. "Unless our noses our telling us lies, we know what you smell like," he growled. Dawnmist flicked her tail across Nightpaw's flank to signal for him to stop talking.

"Well, you still shouldn't accuse us like that," Firespot meowed calmly, glaring at Nightpaw.

Nightpaw couldn't care less if the ThunderClan cats got mad, they were outnumbered, so they wouldn't start a fight if they were in their right minds.

Dawnmist stepped forward so her paws were right on the border. "If we find your scent on our territory again, Eveningstar will bring it

up at the next Gathering." She flicked her fluffy grey tail back and forth, as if daring the ThunderClan cats to do something.

To Nightpaw's relief, Marigoldfern stepped away from the patrol and started to pad away.

"Come on, we know we didn't do anything," the golden tabby she-cat meowed to her Clan-mates. Bluepaw bounded after her.

Twistedfoot smirked and also started to pad away, with Icefang and Pigeonpaw stepping beside her. Nightpaw was still suspicious of the ThunderClan patrol, and stayed a moment longer. Lionpaw was holding his gaze calmly. As Dawnmist and Firespot both stepped away, Lionpaw leaned over the border so his muzzle was right in front of Nightpaw's face. The WindClan apprentice was prepared to slash Lionpaw's muzzle if he needed to.

"Say 'hi' to Flowerpaw for me," Lionpaw meowed with a goofy grin plastered on his face. He bounded after his patrol, leaving Nightpaw very confused. Was Flowerpaw friends with that ThunderClan apprentice? Whatever, he didn't care about her.

Nightpaw quickly hared after his Clanmates and padded beside Dawnmist.

"I don't trust them," he meowed to his mentor.

"Me neither," Dawnmist agreed. "But starting a fight this early is not a good idea, I guess they agreed with that."

"I'll tell Sunleaf they denied it," Twistedfoot said over her shoulder.

"Good idea," Icefang meowed.

"It's a shame though," Pigeonpaw sighed, slowing down so he was beside Nightpaw. "I wanted to try out the new move Icefang taught me."

"That reminds me!" Dawnmist suddenly pricked her ears up. "All of the apprentices are having a training session together today."

"Including Beepaw?" Nightpaw asked. Beepaw was his brother who

was training as a medicine cat.

"Of course," Icefang told Nightpaw. "Medicine cats need to know how to defend themselves as well. In fact, Maplefur is pretty ferocious if she wants to be."

Maplefur? Ferocious? She's the nicest cat I know! Nightpaw couldn't believe that the kind medicine cat could even hurt a fly. He was excited for training though, especially with his brother and all the other apprentices, except...

Flowerpaw.

Nightpaw simply couldn't stand her. She was the most annoying cat he'd ever met, he always wished that WindClan could just abandon her and let the foxes do with her what they wanted. *I'm going to tear her to shreds in training today!*

When the patrol got back to camp, almost everyone was awake and moving about. Eveningstar was talking with Sunleaf with their heads close together, like they didn't want anyone to hear them. Twistedfoot led her patrol towards the leader and deputy, who turned to look at them as soon as they got close.

"Any news about ThunderClan?" Eveningstar asked, his ears perked and eyes wide.

"We met a patrol by the border," Twistedfoot reported. "They-"

"They denied crossing the border!" Pigeonpaw cut in, his fluffy fur bristling.

Icefang flicked Pigeonpaw's flank with his tail. "Don't interrupt."

Pigeonpaw hung his head. "Sorry, Eveningstar."

The black leader dipped his head in forgiveness. "If you scent them over here again, tell me straight away and I'll bring it up and the next Gathering."

"That's what we told them," Twistedfoot told her leader. "They left after that."

Eveningstar nodded silently, processing what had happened and thinking of any possible solutions. Finally, he turned to his deputy.

"Organise extra patrols at dawn and dusk for the ThunderClan border, I want to keep an eye on them," Eveningstar meowed. Sunleaf nodded and headed towards the warriors to organise the extra patrols.

Dawnmist turned to Nightpaw. "Go get something to eat from the fresh-kill pile, you'll need your energy for battle training."

Nightpaw nodded eagerly and raced over to the fresh-kill pile, now aware of how hungry he was. He picked a brown rabbit on the top, knowing it would be fresh from the dawn hunting patrol.

He saw Cherrypaw sitting by herself, grooming her pelt, and decided he'd keep her company. He trotted over to her, careful not to trip over his rabbit, and plonked down next to her.

"In a better mood now?" Cherrypaw asked him with a smirk.

"Yep, I scared a ThunderClan apprentice away from our border," he boasted. "I'm too tough for them."

"I'm sure you are," Cherrypaw meowed sarcastically, nudging Nightpaw's shoulder.

Nightpaw chuckled and bit into the rabbit. It was juicy and tender, just the way he liked it. Noticing Cherrypaw's envious look, he pushed it towards her.

"Want a bite?" he asked. She nodded eagerly and took a large chunk from it. Nightpaw snorted with amusement as Cherrypaw looked at him innocently.

"Hey Cherrypaw."

Nightpaw looked up as he recognised the voice. Flowerpaw.

"Hi Flowerpaw!" Cherrypaw greeted her sister happily and patted the ground beside her. "Sit down."

Flowerpaw smiled and sat beside her sister in the weak sunlight.

"I see you're enjoying the rabbit I caught on patrol," she meowed, casting a glance at Nightpaw. The black apprentice choked on the rabbit.

"You caught this?" he croaked after getting the chunk out of his throat. Flowerpaw nodded with a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

"Impressive, right?" Flowerpaw mewed, puffing out her chest.

"I'm not eating any more of this tainted prey," Nightpaw growled, shoving the rest if the rabbit towards Cherrypaw.

The brown tabby apprentice rolled her eyes. "You guys need to stop fighting all of the time, seriously!" Agitation edged her mew.

"Well, I didn't have a problem with him when we were younger," Flowerpaw meowed impatiently. "He's just a rude mouse-brain!"

Nightpaw bristled. "Well you're annoying! Why don't you go join ThunderClan where they're used to annoying apprentices!"

Flowerpaw drew her lips back in a snarl.

"Oh, and Lionpaw says 'hi'," Nightpaw added, holding back a growl.

Flowerpaw's eyes widened with surprise and the fur along her spine raised. She stood up quickly and grabbed Nightpaw by the scruff, pulling him away from Cherrypaw.

She threw him behind a bush and growled, "What did he tell you?"

"Like I said, he says 'hi'," Nightpaw meowed, rolling his eyes.

"Did he say anything else to you?" Flowerpaw's voice was shaky and worried. Nightpaw was confused as to why she cared so much about what Lionpaw said to him.

"Um, nothing. That was it." Nightpaw stared at Flowerpaw. She held his gaze firmly, as if she didn't believe him.

"Fine then," Flowerpaw huffed. "See you in battle training."

Chapter two-Flowerpaw

"Go Pigeonpaw!" Flowerpaw and Cherrypaw cheered for their brother. He was holding Beepaw down easily, while the medicine cat apprentice struggled awkwardly. Pigeonpaw was clearly much bigger than the orange-and-black tabby, and it was no secret that Beepaw was a lousy fighter.

Flowerpaw stifled a laugh when Nightpaw cheered for his brother, who clearly was not going to win.

Finally Icefang stepped in. "Okay, good job Pigeonpaw. I think it's clear who won." He cast a friendly glance at Beepaw, who was brushing grass off his pelt.

"That's not fair!" Nightpaw growled, stepping forward. "Beepaw hasn't had as much training as us. You should've put him against Flowerpaw, she's weak and easy to beat!"

Flowerpaw lashed her tail back and forth, irritated. She was desperately trying to keep her temper for Cherrypaw's sake, who hated fighting. But she lost it when Nightpaw threw a challenging smirk at her.

"I bet you couldn't beat me!" Flowerpaw cried, stepping briskly towards Nightpaw, who started to back away, surprised by her outburst. "Come on! I dare you to fight me!"

Beetleclaw, Flowerpaw's mentor, stepped forward, a worried look plastered on his face.

"Maybe you should just-"

"No!" Nightpaw cut in. "If she wants to get hurt fighting me, so be it."

Flowerpaw growled at him, pure hatred pulsing from her pelt. Not wanting to say another word to the mouse-brained apprentice, she

stepped in front of him, assuming the attack stance. She watched him sink slowly down in his stance through slitted eyes, not even blinking.

Suddenly, before Flowerpaw even knew he was ready, Nightpaw let out a battle cry and lunged forward. Flowerpaw squeaked in surprise and gasped as he landed on top of her, knocking the breath out of her. She saw Beetleclaw watching her worriedly, and she knew she couldn't let him down.

With all of her strength, she shoved Nightpaw off her and jumped on his back. He let out a furious hiss, and Flowerpaw fought the temptation to dig her claws into his shoulders. He threw her off him, and she swiveled in the air so she landed on her feet. Calculating her next move, she bolted forward and dived beneath his belly. She was about to knock his paws out from underneath him, when he bit her tail.

She let out a cry of pain and dropped to the ground, desperately wanting to lick her tail. She pushed the pain away and stood up, facing Nightpaw with rage burning in her eyes. They both lunged for each other at the same time with aggressive hisses, and Nightpaw's claws connected with Flowerpaw's cheek. She wailed with surprise and crouched down. She realised how much her wounds were stinging now, but she tried to stay strong.

Flowerpaw knew they were small wounds compared to what warriors fought through, but she'd never been injured before.

"I knew I could beat her!" Nightpaw boasted, standing over Flowerpaw like she was a helpless kit. Fueled by rage, she stood up, knocking him away.

"He used his claws and teeth!" she cried out. That's when the mentors finally saw the scratches on her cheek and the blood dripping to the ground.

"You're such a liar! You probably scratched yourself while fighting, you're that clumsy!" Nightpaw concluded with a smirk.

This is the last straw! I'm fed up with him!

Flowerpaw raised her forepaw, unsheathed her claws, and slashed Nightpaw's cheek like he had done to her.

He fell back from her force with surprise and stared at her, as though he couldn't believe she had done that.

"Flowerpaw!" Beetleclaw growled and padded up to her.

Flowerpaw glowered at her mentor and held up her tail, which was dripping with scarlet blood. "Look at my tail! And my face! He cheated! And he deserved that scratch!" She fixed Nightpaw with a furious glare.

"We should take you back to camp," Maplefur meowed, stepping up to inspect Flowerpaw's wounds. "I need to put some herbs on those scratches."

"What about me?" Nightpaw cried indignantly, shoving his scratched face in front of Maplefur. The medicine cat simply smiled at him.

"Well, you're the strong one, aren't you?" she meowed sarcastically. "You can deal with it, if it was Flowerpaw who gave you that."

Flowerpaw smiled at the medicine cat. She had always liked Maplefur. The medicine cat was always sweet and kind, and Flowerpaw never minded taking fresh-kill to her.

Cherrypaw and Pigeonpaw both bounded up to their sister to look at her bleeding wounds.

"Does it hurt?" Pigeonpaw asked.

"That was a really low thing for him to do, now I know why you don't like him," Cherrypaw growled softly. Flowerpaw nodded in agreement.

"I've gotta go back to camp now," Flowerpaw told her litter-mates, happy that they were so comforting. "Maplefur's leaving."

Her brother and sister both licked her cheek that wasn't wounded and told her they'd check on her when they got back after training.

She flicked her tail with affection and followed Maplefur back to camp, trying not to focus on the stinging pain in her cheek and tail.

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Flowerpaw sat in the medicine den, looking around in awe. It wasn't as big as she had imagined, but it was still incredibly organised. The scent of herbs stung her nose, making her wrinkle it. Maplefur was chewing up some herbs while wrapping cobwebs around the still bleeding wounds.

"So he bit you and scratched you?" Maplefur asked after she spat the herb poultice into her paws and started rubbing it into the wounds.

Flowerpaw nodded.

"Well I knew you two fought sometimes but this is ridiculous!" Maplefur exclaimed.

The poultice stung as it was rubbed into Flowerpaw's wounds, and she winced as Maplefur touched her cheek.

"I know it stings, but it's better than an infected scratch," Maplefur meowed calmly. "I've dealt with infections before, and believe me, they're nasty."

Flowerpaw tried to keep her paws planted in the ground to keep herself steady as Maplefur rubbed her cheek, but her legs were shaking with pain and anger. She hated Nightpaw more than she even thought she could. She started thinking about him more and more, nearly making her snap with frustration.

"I'm going to kill that fox-dung!" Flowerpaw growled.

"Flowerpaw!" Maplefur exclaimed. "There's no need for that language, especially towards a Clanmate."

"I don't give a flying feather if he's my Clanmate! He's a nuisance and I hate him!"

Maplefur stepped away from the rage-filled apprentice as soon as she had finished rubbing the herbs in.

"StarClan won't be very happy with you two for treating each other like this," Maplefur told her.

Flowerpaw just groaned and rolled her eyes.

StarClan this! StarClan that! Is StarClan all medicine cats care about?

"Luckily, it's the half-moon tonight, and like it or not, I'm going to talk to StarClan about you and Nightpaw. You need to make up," Maplefur meowed, turning away to face her herb stores.

"I don't need to be friends with Nightpaw!" Flowerpaw growled, now losing her temper with the medicine cat.

Maplefur turned back to her and fixed her with a hard stare. "A Clan thrives when we are all united. We cannot be a unity if two of our future warriors are always at each other's throats."

Flowerpaw was now even madder. Maplefur had a point, but she didn't want to acknowledge that.

"Well, I'm going to be a warrior soon! My final assessment is in the next moon or so, and then I won't have to spend time with him if I don't want to!" Flowerpaw snarled and stormed out of the medicine den, her pelt ruffled and sticking up.

Why does everyone want me and Nightpaw to be friends? she thought, frustrated. *He's a pain in the behind, everyone thinks so!*

Then she remembered how Nightpaw had seen Lionpaw at the ThunderClan border, and Lionpaw had mentioned her. Lionpaw was a good friend of hers that she had met at her first Gathering. He was kind and had welcomed her, and if she ever saw him at the border she would always say hello. She didn't want to admit it, but she was starting to have feelings for him, and she was worried that Lionpaw had mentioned something about her to Nightpaw. Nightpaw had said that Lionpaw had only said 'hi' but since when did she trust Nightpaw?

The next Gathering was in half a moon, hopefully she'd be able to go. And Lionpaw of course. She'd just be on her best behaviour, which, she realised with a sigh, would mean not fighting with

Nightpaw.

He's always the one that starts the fights! she thought indignantly. *I'll just avoid him for as long as I can.*

When she padded into the camp clearing from the medicine den, she noticed Palemist's kits were scampering around the camp. They would become apprentices not long after she became a warrior. She smiled as Shellkit, the smallest of the litter, bounded over to her. Her litter-mates, Smokekit, Leafkit and Specklekit all followed her.

"Hello Flowerpaw!" Shellkit mewed as she stood in front of Flowerpaw's paws.

"Hello Shellkit. Are you having fun playing?" she asked. Shellkit nodded happily.

"We wanted to ask you to play with us! We need a bigger cat in our game!" Smokekit meowed. Flowerpaw smiled at the little kit.

"What game are you playing?" she asked, lowering her head so it was level with the kits.

"Battle against a lion!" Leafkit mewed, fluffing up his grey tabby fur.

"Each of us represents a Clan!" Specklekit added.

"I'm WindClan," Smokekit boasted, puffing out his chest.

"Only because we let you!" Shellkit growled at her brother.

"I have to be ThunderClan," Leafkit sighed.

Flowerpaw chuckled. "What about you two?" she asked, turning to the she-kits.

"I'm RiverClan," Shellkit mewed, looking at her paws.

"I'm ShadowClan," Specklekit mewed dejectedly.

All of the kits seemed annoyed, except for Smokekit. Flowerpaw got an idea.

"Okay, well look at it this way," Flowerpaw began, "Leafkit, you're an excellent fighter and hunter in undergrowth, Shellkit, you can swim! And Specklekit, you're a ferocious fighter who never gives up!"

All three of the kits looked at each other, now with smiles on their faces. They started bounding around, pretending to do everything that Flowerpaw just listed. Shellkit had dropped onto her belly and was trying to swim through the grass. Leafkit was stalking a leaf as if it were a mouse, and Specklekit was attacking a blade of grass.

"Well what's special about me then?" Smokekit mewed sadly, cocking his head to the side.

"You're WindClan, you're the fastest and most nimble of them all, and you've got me in your Clan!" Flowerpaw told him, smiling.

"You're not in a Clan, silly!" Leafkit cried, swishing his tail as he stepped toward Flowerpaw. "You're the lion that attacks the Clans! You've got a golden pelt just like one."

"Okay then," she laughed as she padded away so she could sneak up on them. She watched them as they started organising themselves, and heard them say they were the leaders at a Gathering. Smokekit declared himself Smokestar of WindClan, superior to all. His brother and sisters glared at him, but pretended to give reports for their Clans.

Flowerpaw was about to jump out at them when Smokekit raised his tail.

"I smell lion!" he told the fellow 'leaders'. They all stuck their noses in the air, sniffing it to find the scent of lion.

Flowerpaw took this as her cue. She stalked forward slowly, then jumped in front of them. She let out her fiercest growl and bared her teeth.

"Roar! I love the taste of cats!" she snarled, holding back her laughter. Shellkit squealed and jumped behind Leafkit, who stood protectively in front of her.

"Leaders! Attack!" Smokekit cried.

Smokekit was the first to leap at her, then Leafkit and Specklekit. Shellkit was the last to move, hesitating for a moment, but quickly she followed her litter-mates and dived under Flowerpaw's belly. Smokekit and Specklekit both clung to Flowerpaw's back, and Leafkit battered at her muzzle with sheathed claws, his soft paw only tickling her nose. She could feel Shellkit's paws pummeling her belly softly. She pretended to be overwhelmed by the kits and didn't fight back at all.

"Ha-ha! We are the strongest of all! This lion stood no chance against us!" Leafkit declared.

Shellkit scrambled out from under Flowerpaw, and the apprentice flopped to the ground in defeat. The kits all sat on her back, meowing as loud as they could.

Paw steps at the entrance of the camp distracted Flowerpaw, and she swiveled her head to see the other apprentices entering the camp, all of them puffing from their effort of fighting each other. She narrowed her eyes as Nightpaw looked over at her and laughed. He padded up to her and the kits, and Flowerpaw had to force herself to stay on the ground so she wouldn't knock the kits off.

"Stop acting like a kit, Flowerpaw," Nightpaw meowed, "or you'll be treated like one."

Surprisingly, this was one of the nicest things Nightpaw had said. It was still rude, nonetheless, but less rude than what he normally said.

Good, Flowerpaw thought, *I can avoid him with no trouble at all.*

Chapter three-Flowerpaw

[image]

The next half a moon passed quickly, and Flowerpaw's scars from Nightpaw had healed over easily, leaving a bit of fur missing from her tail. Nightpaw had barely said a single word to her, which was the way she liked it. There was still a bit of fur missing from his cheek where she had clawed him, but none of the mentors blamed her, which was a relief to her and a hindrance to Nightpaw, who got in trouble for the incident. He was still doing extra apprentice duties. Flowerpaw could still remember the argument between Dawnmist and Nightpaw.

"Why do *I* have to do extra duties?" Nightpaw had complained when Dawnmist had given him his punishment.

"Because you unsheathed your claws during training! That's strictly forbidden!" Dawnmist had growled. "Don't you remember the story of Fawnpaw and Harepaw?"

Fawnpaw was an apprentice that was killed during training by another apprentice named Harepaw, who unsheathed his claws when he was too invested in the mock battle. It had happened a while ago, before Flowerpaw was even born, but every apprentice was told the story.

Nightpaw had hung his head when the two apprentices were mentioned. After that, he was assigned to doing double the number of apprentice duties until he became a warrior. Flowerpaw smirked just thinking about it.

"Hey, Flowerpaw!"

Flowerpaw turned around to see Leafkit bounding over to her with his litter-mates padding behind him.

"Hi, Leafkit!" she called to the kit.

"You promised you, Cherrypaw and Pigeonpaw would teach us some fighting moves!" Leafkit mewed, reminding Flowerpaw of her promise. His litter-mates caught up to him and started to say the same thing as their brother.

"I'm sorry, Cherrypaw's on a patrol right now, and Pigeonpaw is hunting with his mentor," Flowerpaw told the kits, whose faces fell with disappointment.

"Can't you teach us some moves anyway?" Specklekit asked, widening her blue eyes. Her litter-mates all crowded around her and widened their eyes, making them look adorable and innocent. Flowerpaw couldn't reject them again.

"Okay then," she sighed, giving up trying to reason with the kits. "But remember, I'm not your mentor, so don't think that all of this is perfect."

The kits all nodded eagerly and watched Flowerpaw intently. She crouched down, ready to lunge into an attack. The kits all copied her immediately, pressing their bellies to the ground. Shellkit lashed her tail from side to side.

"Keep your tail still, Shellkit," Flowerpaw told the kit. "It will alert your enemies if they hear you stirring the grass or leaves."

Shellkit nodded and stopped moving her tail, keeping it as still as she could.

"Now, imagine an enemy is in front of you. If you push off from your legs hard enough, you can leap onto your enemy's back and dig your claws in," Flowerpaw instructed. "Show me your highest jump possible. Smokekit, you go first."

The black tom-kit smirked, waggled his hind quarters and pushed off his hind legs. He sailed through the air for a moment, then fell to the ground, landing clumsily on his paws and toppling over.

"You're bad at this!" Specklekit mewed with a laugh.

"Shut up!" Smokekit snapped. "I'll be a better fighter than all of you when I'm a warrior!"

"Okay, be nice. You go next, Shellkit," Flowerpaw meowed, trying to calm the arguing litter-mates. Shellkit stood still for a moment, crouched lower to the ground, and then sprang into the air. She didn't go quite as far as Smokekit, but landed neatly on her paws.

"Very good, Shellkit!" Flowerpaw praised the kit. Shellkit smiled and puffed out her chest with pride, before being pushed over by a huffy Smokekit.

"I'm going next!" Leafkit declared and sprang forward without hesitation. He went quite high, but he landed badly and fell over straight away.

"You're *both* really bad!" Specklekit cried, rolling on the ground laughing.

"Okay, it's your turn, Specklekit," Flowerpaw told the speckled grey kit.

Specklekit got to her paws and stared at her litter-mates. She crouched as low as she could, fixed her eyes on the spot she wanted to land, and pushed off. She flew through the air, going high and far. She landed past all of her litter-mates gracefully and puffed out her chest.

"That's how it's done," she meowed simply, grinning at her siblings. Smokekit stared at her, mouth gaping open.

"Go Specklekit!" Shellkit cried. Specklekit jumped around her litter-mates happily.

"I hope you're my mentor, Flowerpaw!" she meowed, bounding back to Flowerpaw.

Flowerpaw smiled, touched by the kit's words. They were simple, but being a mentor was a big honour.

Flowerpaw was about to respond, when someone shoved her, making her topple over into the grass.

"Whoops, didn't see you there."

Nightpaw!

"What is your problem?!" Flowerpaw cried, letting out all of her pent up anger towards the black-furred apprentice. She got to her paws and stood so close to him that their noses were nearly touching. "Just leave me alone!"

Nightpaw looked at her, dumbfounded.

"Well, I didn't think you had it in you to get this mad," Nightpaw commented.

"Oh, I can get even madder if I want!" Flowerpaw yelled. Most of the Clan had turned to look at the apprentices. The four kits started to back away, fear in their eyes.

"I don't care how mad you can get!" Nightpaw growled, now letting his anger take over. "I'm stronger than you and could totally snap your neck!"

The warriors listening to the argument gasped.

"Would you like me to claw your ears to prove you wrong?" Flowerpaw snarled, drawing her lips back to bare her glinting teeth. She could see Nightpaw visibly gulp, but he didn't back down.

"Oh yeah right! You're as cowardly as a ThunderClan cat!" Nightpaw snapped.

"Nightpaw! Flowerpaw! Stop it this instant!" Cindercloud growled, stepping between the two feuding apprentices.

"He started it!" Flowerpaw cried, unsheathing her claws.

"Did not!" Nightpaw retorted, sliding his claws out as well.

"Put your claws away!" Eaglewing yowled, bounding over to the apprentices.

"I'll put them away when his blood is staining them!" Flowerpaw growled ferociously, losing the last of her temper that she still had control of.

"Flowerpaw!" Cindercloud exclaimed. "Don't threaten your Clan-mate!"

"He threatened me first! You heard him, you all gasped!" Flowerpaw retaliated.

"Yes, and that was very wrong of him!" Eaglewing added in, glaring at Nightpaw, who held his gaze firmly.

Anger surged through Flowerpaw, blood roaring in her ears. She dug her claws into the ground to stop herself from lunging at Nightpaw. Her paws were shaking with rage and her tail lashed back and forth. She drew her lips back in a snarl and hissed at Nightpaw, her hackles raising and fur spiking up along her spine.

"Well I think the Clan would be better off without her!" Nightpaw growled.

"That's it!" Flowerpaw yelled.

She surged forward, paws outstretched and claws glinting. She bowled him over and they rolled over on the ground, each trying to get the advantage over the other. Flowerpaw managed to sink her claws into Nightpaw's fur, making him wail in pain. She overpowered him and pinned him down, digging her claws further into his fur.

"Get off!" he yowled. He used all of his strength and pushed her off him, throwing her away like a piece of fresh-kill. She got to her paws in a flash, and raced towards Nightpaw in blind rage. She leaped at him, barely aiming, but he dodged out of the way, and her paws thumped onto the soft ground where he had stood. He attacked her from behind, digging his claws into her flanks. She tried to pull away but his grip on her was too strong.

Screams from her Clan-mates echoed in her ears, but she couldn't hear them over the blood roaring in her ears, and all she could focus on was Nightpaw and getting him off her. Then she remembered a move Beetleclaw had taught her if an enemy had their claws in her from behind.

She fell backwards and put all of her weight on Nightpaw. She heard him shriek in surprise, and she smirked to herself. As soon as she felt his claws retract from her skin, she jumped away and swiped at his exposed belly. He rolled away before her claws made contact with him. He reared up on his hind paws, and Flowerpaw copied him. He started aiming swipes at her, and she matched him blow for blow. His claws snagged her ear, tearing the tip, and she slashed his nose in retaliation.

A pair of jaws clamping down on her scruff surprised her, and she was pulled away from Nightpaw. She squirmed in an attempt to get back to the horrible apprentice and finish teaching him his lesson, but then she saw Sunleaf grab his scruff and pull him away as well.

Finally, after she was pulled to the other side of camp away from Nightpaw, the jaws let go of her. She swiveled around and was shocked to see Eveningstar giving her a hard look.

"What were you thinking?!" he growled sternly.

Flowerpaw looked down at her paws, her flanks and ear burning in pain and her pelt hot with embarrassment.

"I-I lost my temper," she mewed quietly, scuffing the ground with her paw.

"That's no reason to attack your fellow apprentice," Eveningstar meowed, not softening his gaze.

Flowerpaw felt a twinge of annoyance.

Everyone always blames me!

"He attacked me in training! And he calls me names all of the time! He said I should go to ThunderClan because I'm an annoying apprentice and just before he said WindClan would be better off without me!" Flowerpaw hadn't realised until now how much Nightpaw's words had hurt her. She always convinced herself that he was just plain rude, but he was a bully. He enjoyed watching her suffer, and it truly did hurt her. Her pelt stung with physical and emotional pain, and second by second she became more aware of

how much Nightpaw had damaged her and scarred her.

She collapsed to the ground, her face buried in her paws. She let out small sobs, refusing to make eye contact with Eveningstar. She could feel his tail resting on her shoulder, and she fought the urge to shake it off.

"You should have told me," the leader meowed sympathetically. "We could've done something."

Flowerpaw looked up at him.

"There's nothing you can do," she told him. "If he decides to bully me, he will."

"Well for the past half-moon it's been fairly quiet between you two," Eveningstar commented.

"That's because I've ignored and avoided him."

Eveningstar looked as though he was thinking intently.

"I'll make sure your mentors keep you apart as much as possible," he finally told her. "You can go to the Gathering tomorrow night, he can stay here."

"Thank you, Eveningstar," Flowerpaw meowed and dipped her head to her leader.

"Now," Eveningstar straightened up and gave his chest fur a lick, "go and get your wounds tended to."

Flowerpaw nodded and bounded away back into the heart of the camp. Nightpaw was still with Sunleaf on the other side of camp, so Flowerpaw knew she didn't have to worry about him at that point. All of the warriors were crowded in the centre of the camp where she and Nightpaw had fought, and they were all gossiping about the two of them. They all stared at her as she padded toward them, and continued whispering to each other.

"Flowerpaw!" Cherrypaw called to her sister as she bounded towards her.

"That was awesome!" Pigeonpaw told Flowerpaw as he stood in front of her.

"Yeah! Those moves were so swift!" Cherrypaw added.

"And I hope you never use them on a Clan-mate again."

Flowerpaw looked over her litter-mates and saw Beetleclaw giving her a stern look.

"You taught me those moves. At least you know I can beat someone," Flowerpaw told her mentor, not making eye contact.

Beetleclaw rolled his eyes. "Just go get some ointment on those wounds and then we're going on patrol with Brightsun and Cherrypaw."

Flowerpaw gave her sister an excited look, and Pigeonpaw looked at his paws sadly.

"I'll be back in a moment," Flowerpaw told her sister and mentor, then bounded over to the medicine den, ignoring the stinging pain in her flank as she ran. She slowed down and padded into the medicine den, and was surprised to see only Beepaw.

"Where's Maplefur?" she asked the apprentice.

"Collecting herbs," Beepaw told her without even looking at her as he sorted herbs.

"Well I need something on these wounds," she told Beepaw impatiently. Finally, he turned around, and his eyes widened as he saw blood crusting around her ear and clotting her fur on her flanks.

"Wow. My brother really went hard on you," he commented. Flowerpaw stifled a laugh, knowing that Nightpaw's wounds were worse.

"Well you should see him. He's in worse shape than me," Flowerpaw told Beepaw, puffing out her chest.

Beepaw rolled his eyes and grabbed some marigold from his stores. He started to chew it up, then smeared it on her flanks and ear tip. To make sure the marigold poultice stayed in place, he put some cobwebs on her flanks and ear.

"You're all good to go," Beepaw meowed, turning back to sorting his herbs.

"Is sorting herbs all you do?" Flowerpaw asked before leaving.

"I save cats' lives," Beepaw meowed with an edge to his voice.

Flowerpaw scoffed and padded out of the den, flicking her tail in annoyance. Beetleclaw, Brightsun and Cherrypaw were all waiting for her.

"Let's head off," Beetleclaw told the patrol and they started to leave camp. Flowerpaw bristled as Nightpaw passed her to enter the medicine den, and he shot a glare at her. She didn't care what he did anymore, as long as he stayed away from her.

Flowerpaw could barely sleep that night. She tossed and turned in her nest, the fight replaying in her head over and over again. She knew that she should feel bad about attacking Nightpaw, but at the same time she knew he deserved it. Pigeonpaw's fluffy tail flicked in her face, and she softly batted it away.

Just fall asleep, fall asleep, she willed herself. Her eyelids were heavy, and sleep was dragging at her. Her spine tingled slightly, and finally her eyes completely closed, and she fell asleep.

Her dreams were still filled with images of the fight. She could feel Nightpaw's blood on her paws, and she screamed when she saw his lifeless body.

Suddenly, a tail rested on her shoulder, making her jump around. A pale grey she-cat with stars sparkling in her pelt was blinking at her, her blue eyes filled with worry.

"Flowerpaw." The she-cat greeted Flowerpaw with a dip of her head.

"Who are you?" Flowerpaw asked, her jaw wide in awe.

"Cloudfern, a past medicine cat," the she-cat told her. "Maplefur has talked to me about your toxic relationship with Nightpaw."

"There is no relationship between us," Flowerpaw growled indignantly, flicking her tail.

Cloudfern ignored the apprentice. "You both need to know what it's like to be in each other's paws." She grey cat leaned forward and touched her nose to Flowerpaw's head. She felt the same tingling sensation down her spine that she felt before she fell asleep, and her paws went numb. A blinding light surrounded her, as if all the stars in the sky were swimming around her. She looked down at her paws, but she couldn't see anything.

"What did you do to me?" she cried out to Cloudfern, her voice now distorted and unrecognisable.

"What I had to do. You and Nightpaw cannot continue treating each other like this, your Clan will not thrive with you two acting like this towards each other. You will stay like this until you and Nightpaw learn your lesson," Cloudfern meowed sternly.

Flowerpaw woke up with a jolt as she felt a pair of jaws clamp down on her scruff. She was pulled away from her nest, but she couldn't scream. Her throat was tight and her mouth was dry, and when she tried to cry out for help, only a soft mew escaped her mouth.

She was dragged up the ridge and out of the camp, and was finally thrown behind a bush. She panted in fright as she glared at the feline silhouette that had pulled her away. The moon came out from behind a cloud and its silver light washed over the mysterious cat. Flowerpaw's jaw dropped when she saw who it was: herself.

The other Flowerpaw opened her mouth and growled at the real Flowerpaw, "What is going on?!"

Chapter four-Nightpaw

AN: So……it's been a long time since I've done anything on Wattpad, and I'm not sure if anyone would even read any of my stories anymore but I've decided that I at least wanted to publish the rest of this story, so, here it is.

Nightpaw sulked as Sunleaf scolded him.

"She attacked *me*!" he retorted.

"You still shouldn't have fought back!" the deputy growled.

"I've got scratches that are bleeding on my chest, back and nose! I was defending myself!" Nightpaw snarled, losing his temper with Sunleaf.

"You should have known better! You could've walked away, or not have provoked her in the first place!" Sunleaf yelled, stepping toward Nightpaw.

Nightpaw scoffed. "I didn't provoke her!"

"Don't lie! I've heard some of the things you've said to her! Now go get your wounds looked at in the medicine den."

Nightpaw fought the urge to continue arguing with the deputy and stalked off into the camp clearing. He noticed Flowerpaw exiting the medicine den with cobwebs stuck to her ear and flanks. He felt proud of himself for giving her those wounds, but a twinge of guilt hit him when he thought that. He shook the thought away and shot a glare of pure hatred at Flowerpaw as she padded past him with Beetleclaw, Brightsun and Cherrypaw. He could see her fur bristling and he desperately wanted to swipe her tail as it lashed in front of his face, but he pushed the urge away and squeezed into the medicine den. Beepaw was in there, sorting herbs. Maplefur must have been out of camp.

"Hey, Beepaw," Nightpaw greeted his brother. The ginger-and-black medicine cat apprentice turned around and relief flooded his eyes.

"For a moment I thought Flowerpaw was back," Beepaw told Nightpaw as he grabbed some marigold. "She wasn't lying when she said you were in worse shape," Beepaw commented as he saw the blood clumping in Nightpaw's fur.

"Oh come on! She took me by surprise!" Nightpaw defended himself.

"She's still got sharp claws," Beepaw meowed, starting to chew the marigold. After turning it into a pulp, he spat it onto his paws and started to rub it into Nightpaw's scratches on his chest.

"As long as you don't say that I started it," Nightpaw grumbled.

"You did," Beepaw said simply.

Nightpaw stared at his brother, shocked. "What? How did I start it?"

"I've seen the way you treat her," Beepaw meowed, rubbing more poultice into the scratches on Nightpaw's back. "You call her names, go out of your way to insult her and you're the one who unsheathed your claws during training."

"But she's so annoying! She gets in everyone's way!" Nightpaw retorted angrily.

"Okay then, if you think that's a good reason to be a rude mouse-brain," Beepaw meowed calmly, applying the last of the marigold poultice to Nightpaw's slashed nose.

"Ow!" Nightpaw jumped away as the ointment stung him, and he tried desperately not to rub his nose.

Beepaw chuckled, making Nightpaw even more annoyed.

Everyone always blames me! Even my brother!

Nightpaw stormed out of the medicine den angrily, not even waiting for Beepaw to put cobwebs on his wounds. He just wanted

some air, and a cramped split in a rock that smelled of herbs was not helping. In the camp clearing, cats looked at him as soon as he stepped out of the medicine den. His mother, Juniperleaf, padded up to him. Her eyes were filled with worry, but also disappointment. Without saying a word, she leaned down and sniffed at his wounds. She straightened up, looked into the medicine den, then back at him.

"Beepaw's getting very good at healing," she commented mildly. Nightpaw wished she would say something about his fighting skills, but she just stared at him sternly, her eyes giving away how disappointed she was in him.

With a flick of her tail, she padded away towards the fresh-kill pile. Daisywhisper and Pinespots both leaned in close to her and started whispering things. She cast a worried glance back at Nightpaw, then turned back to her friends.

Fine! Be like that! Nightpaw thought crossly. His tail swishing and whiskers twitching, he turned tail and raced out of camp. Angry thoughts whirled through his head. He had never wanted to run away from his Clan, but now that was all he could think of doing.

He hared down the slope of the moorland until the lake came into view. He slowed down to a trot, his sides heaving as he panted. The cold wind whipped his ears, and he squinted as he walked against the wind. His sleek pelt pushed against his skin, and he felt like flopping down to the ground in exhaustion. He stayed on his paws and pushed on, walking beside the lake and heading in the direction of Horseplace.

As he scented the air, he noticed a strange scent being carried on the wind. It was cat-like, but had a hint of horse. *Horseplace cat,* Nightpaw concluded. The wind died down, and he opened his eyes fully, seeing a small shape at the edge of the lake near Horseplace. Sighing, he padded down to the cat that was sitting on the pebbly shore.

As he neared the cat, he could make out its brown spotted pelt as it watched the lake lapping at the shore. He drew in another breath through his nose, and confirmed that it was a she-cat. He stalked up

behind the new cat, and he was about to pounce, when a twig cracked beneath his paw. The brown spotted she-cat jumped around in fright, her fur bristling and green eyes wide.

"Who are you?" she asked Nightpaw, her voice trembling.

"I'm on my territory, and it seems so are you," Nightpaw growled, unsheathing his claws.

The she-cat started to back away, but she stepped into the water and quickly jumped forward again.

"So, y-you're a Clan cat?" she asked, stumbling over her words.

"WindClan," Nightpaw told her, still keeping his claws unsheathed.

"I promise I'm not stealing prey," she meowed, her tail quivering. Nightpaw scanned her up and down; she was no bigger than him, even a bit smaller, and her pelt was soft-looking and sleek. She was no threat. He sheathed his claws and sat down.

"I'm Nightpaw," he stated. She looked at him suspiciously, as if she thought he was tricking her into letting her guard down. He gestured for her to sit down, and she cautiously obliged.

"J-Jenga. I'm Jenga," she replied, looking down at her paws.

Nightpaw rolled his eyes. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Jenga looked up, and her eyes widened as she noticed the scratches on him surrounded by dried up blood.

"It looks like someone has hurt *you!*" she exclaimed.

Nightpaw looked down at his wounded chest. "Just an annoying Clan-mate."

Jenga stared at him in disbelief. "But, aren't Clan-mates supposed to be on each other's side?"

Nightpaw nodded. "She attacked me," he explained.

"That's horrible!" she blurted out.

Deep down, he knew that Flowerpaw's actions were justified, but Jenga didn't need to know that. Nightpaw nodded, his eyes wide and full of fake sadness.

"She's always so annoying, and today she just snapped and attacked me, unprovoked," Nightpaw lied, looking at his paws. He was a bad liar, and always started to heat up when he did. "I fought back, but she surprised me, and overpowered me."

"Sounds like she's got anger management problems," Jenga meowed thoughtfully. "I have a friend who lives in the stable with me, he's got some anger issues, but I know how to calm him down."

What's a stable? Nightpaw thought to himself.

"How?" he asked the Horseplace cat.

"I reassure him that he'll always have me as a friend, right by his side. A friend always helps," she told him. "Maybe you should try being friendlier to your Clan-mate."

"She'd claw my ears if I tried that," Nightpaw mewed. He knew Jenga was right, and that Flowerpaw never would've hated him if he was kind.

"Just talk to her," Jenga meowed kindly, he eyes full of sympathy.

"Jenga!" a voice called out. A stocky white long haired tom padded up to the two of them, eyeing Jenga sternly. "You should head inside now, the sun is going down."

Nightpaw looked up to the sky and saw that the white tom was right; the sun had started to sink and the sky was powdered with pink and purple.

"I need to go as well," Nightpaw told Jenga hurriedly, wondering if his Clan was worrying about him.

"Who's this?" the tom asked.

"This is Nightpaw," Jenga meowed, her eyes lighting up. "He's not a threat, I promise." She turned to look at Nightpaw. "This is my friend, Yeti," she told him.

Yeti looked at Nightpaw through squinted eyes, dipped his head, then turned and started padding back to Horseplace, flicking Jenga's flank in signal for her to follow.

"Bye, Nightpaw!" she called out to him as she trotted after Yeti.

"Bye!" he replied. He stood by the shore, alone. A warm glow melted his heart. Jenga was such a welcoming cat, and her fur looked so soft and smelled so sweet. She seemed around the same age as himself, and he wondered whether she'd ever want to see him again.

No, I need to get back to WindClan, he told himself, shaking the image of the brown spotted cat from his mind.

He raced across the moorland and up the slope and hurtled into camp just as the sun disappeared. There was still a hint of light, but most of it was gone, and the camp was mostly in darkness. He could see the glowing eyes of his Clan-mates, and quickly looked away when his amber eyes locked with Flowerpaw's soft yellow gaze. In the dim light, he could just make out Cherrypaw's and Pigeonpaw's shapes sitting in either side of golden-brown tabby.

As he padded deeper into camp, more eyes became fixed in him. He could feel their judgmental gazes burning into his pelt, and he hunched his shoulders and lowered his head. Tiredness gripped him, and sleep dragged at his paws. He ignored all of the Clan glaring at him and trudged over to his nest.

He curled up in his moss-lined nest, and let sleep pull him away from his Clan. He felt a paw brush his nose, and he flicked it away, fighting the urge to scream at Flowerpaw who was probably trying to get a reaction from him. The paw tapped his nose again. And again.

He got up to his paws in a flash, his fur bristling and teeth bared, but bundled backwards in shock as he saw the starry figure in front

of him.

"StarClan?" he breathed. "Am I dead?"

"No," the cat told him. It was a tom with a light brown tabby pelt, and stars glistening in his pelt and green eyes. Nightpaw finally recognised the unmistakable scent on the StarClan tom's pelt; herbs. "I'm Nettlecoat," the tabby tom told him. "Maplefur told me to come talk to you when you reached the worst point between you and Flowerpaw."

"Of course she did! Maplefur meddles with everything!" Nightpaw exclaimed.

"Well it's my turn to meddle now," Nettlecoat chuckled, and stepped closer to Nightpaw so that their noses were nearly touching. The StarClan medicine cat reached up and placed his nose on Nightpaw's head, and suddenly heat pulsed through his body.

A tingle rushed up his spine, and his legs started to wobble. Pain gripped his head, then coursed through the rest of his body. He yowled as loud as he could, and fell to the ground. His tail quivered in pain, and suddenly a white light flashed around him.

"What's happening?!" he cried.

"What needs to happen," Nettlecoat replied.

The light swirled around Nightpaw for a few more moments, before it pooled into his eyes and blinded him completely. Darkness surrounded him, and he jolted awake.

The moon shone in the sky above Nightpaw, and he cringed as Flowerpaw's scent filled his nose. He placed his head back on his paws and tried to fall asleep again, still confused by his dream. Then realisation hit him like lightning. Flowerpaw slept as far away from him as she could, so how could he smell her? He lifted his head and shock pulsed through him as he tasted Flowerpaw's scent on his nest, and noticed her fur clinging to it as well.

He sat up in a jolt and stared down at his paws as the moon washed over the clearing. He fought back a scream when he saw that his

paws, instead of being their usual black, were golden-brown. He sniffed at his fur, and Flowerpaw's scent filled his nose.

I'm Flowerpaw?! How?!

He looked across Cherrypaw and Pigeonpaw and saw himself sleeping in his own nest.

Is that Flowerpaw? Have we...no, we couldn't. Did we switch bodies?

He needed to find out, so he hopped out of his, well, Flowerpaw's nest, and padded over to himself. He could see that the other him was twitching and convulsing, then went still. He leaned down and grabbed his double's scruff, and roughly hauled him out of the camp and threw the imposter behind a bush. The other him composed himself and fear and shock pooled in their eyes.

"What is going on?!" Nightpaw asked, his voice sounding just like Flowerpaw's voice.

Chapter five-Nightpaw

[image]

Ok, so I haven't used Wattpad in over a year, but I decided to upload the rest of this story coz I finished it ages ago, and now it's just sitting in my files, doing nothing. So here is the rest of *Warriors: What A Nightmare!*

Nightpaw waited for the other Nightpaw to answer, but he just stared at Nightpaw in shock. Finally, the fake Nightpaw opened his mouth and found his voice.

"Why do you look like me?" he asked, his tail flicking around. He looked shocked as he heard his voice.

"I don't! Look at your paws!" the real Nightpaw growled, still annoyed at his feminine voice.

The other Nightpaw looked down at his paws, and backed away, fear flooding his amber eyes.

"I look and sound like Nightpaw! Why?!" he cried. The real Nightpaw needed to confirm his suspicions.

"Flowerpaw?" he asked, his high voice ringing in his ears.

"Yes! Who'd you think I wa-" the other Nightpaw stopped mid-sentence. "Nightpaw? Is that you?" he asked.

"We've switched bodies!" the real Nightpaw exclaimed.

"So that's what Cloudfern meant when she said we 'need to know what it's like to be in the other's paws'," Flowerpaw mewed, her voice deep like Nightpaw's.

"What will we tell the Clan?" Nightpaw growled, trying to make his voice lower.

"They'll think we're crazy if we tell them the truth!" Flowerpaw exclaimed, flicking her now black tail.

"We just need to get used to calling each other our own names," Nightpaw meowed, still finding it strange to be looking at himself.

Bushes rustled in the camp, and Nightpaw realised that dawn light was filling the clearing and the sun had started to rise in the sky.

"We might be needed for patrol!" Flowerpaw exclaimed, churning her black paws on the ground and ripping grass with her claws.

"Let's sneak back in," Nightpaw suggested. Flowerpaw nodded, her amber eyes shining, and padded in front of Nightpaw.

This is going to take some getting used to, Nightpaw lamented, watching Flowerpaw sneak into camp as himself. He started creeping in after her and they both slipped into the other's nests and pretended to be asleep. *Her nest is so soft. So is her fur, it feels so weird to have it.*

Nightpaw wasn't happy about being leaner and less muscled than he normally was, but he knew he'd have to put up with it.

"Flowerpaw, wake up," a voice chided in his ear. He lifted his head and saw Beetleclaw, his father, looking right at him. For a moment, he was confused as to why his father was waking Flowerpaw up, then he remembered that he was Flowerpaw's mentor.

"What is it?" he asked, annoyance dragging in his voice.

Confusion filled Beetleclaw's eyes, and Nightpaw remembered at that moment that Flowerpaw was a sweet cat who was never rude. *Blech!*

"Dawn patrol," Beetleclaw meowed, straightening up and padding away.

Nightpaw stretched quickly, then jumped out of Flowerpaw's nest and bounded after his father. The rest of patrol consisted of Birdcoat, Ashfleck and Willowfoot.

The cold morning air stung Nightpaw's ear tip, reminding him of the wound he gave Flowerpaw. He had never had a torn ear, but now he knew how it felt. His flanks also burned slightly, but he pushed the pain away. Flowerpaw was in worse condition now anyway.

"That's all of us, let's go," Birdcoat meowed, looking at his patrol. He nodded in confirmation and padded out of camp. Nightpaw was about to press up to Beetleclaw, but stopped himself.

An apprentice doesn't do that with their mentor. He's not my father now, someone else is. Who's Flowerpaw's father? I know Silvershine is her mother, but her father? Is it-

"Flowerpaw! It's like you don't know your own name!" Beetleclaw yelled, snapping Nightpaw out of his thoughts.

"S-sorry," Nightpaw stammered. *How long was he calling her name for?*

"That's okay, we're going to check the ThunderClan border. Their scent is on our side *again* and so is prey scent. We're positive they're stealing prey," Beetleclaw told Nightpaw, who already knew all of this.

"Okay."

The patrol walked on in silence. Nightpaw noticed Beetleclaw look at him suspiciously quite a few times, and Nightpaw was starting to worry.

I don't know how Flowerpaw acts! What do I do?

"You're normally more chatty, Flowerpaw," Beetleclaw commented.

"Yeah, usually you're trying to smell everything and report back as soon as possible!" Willowfoot added.

"I'm just tired," Nightpaw meowed, swishing his golden-brown tail.

"Wait!" Ashfleck cut into the conversation. "Look at the border! A cat just crossed over!"

"Caught in the act," Birdcoat growled, and he led his patrol down the slope to the border.

Nightpaw instantly recognised the cat; Lionpaw. His mentor, Firespot, quickly jumped over the border as well.

"Hey!" Beetleclaw cried. The ThunderClan cats looked up with fear in their eyes. Lionpaw and Firespot both raced back to their side of the border, taking a squirrel with them.

"That's ours!" Ashfleck yelled when they reached the border.

"It was on our side first!" Flintflash growled.

"And you only eat rabbit anyway!" Leafsting added, her white fur bristling.

"Once it goes over the border, it's ours!" Nightpaw joined in with a growl, taking a step towards Lionpaw, who looked confused by his outburst.

"Flowerpaw, let the warriors deal with this," Beetleclaw told his son, not realising that it wasn't really Flowerpaw.

"What? Don't trust your apprentices to defend themselves? Don't you train them properly?" Firespot growled in a smarmy voice.

"We train our apprentices very well, thank you very much!" Birdcoat snarled.

"I don't care how well they train apprentices!" Stagpaw, Leafsting's apprentice, growled. "This squirrel is ours, and we'll take any prey that is rightfully ours!" He grabbed the squirrel in his jaws and began to pad away.

"Get back here!" Willowfoot yowled at the apprentice.

Stagpaw jumped around in fright, dropping the squirrel.

"Calm down, it's just one squirrel!" Flintflash growled.

"At first it's just one squirrel," Beetleclaw snarled, "but then you

think that about every piece of prey and soon it's a whole fresh-kill pile! Leaf-bare is on its way and WindClan needs as much prey as we can get!"

"So does ThunderClan!" Leafsting yowled. "We are taking the prey that we rightfully caught."

"No you're not!" Birdcoat flashed back and leaped at Leafsting, claws unsheathed.

The two patrols crashed together and a flurry of teeth and claws. Nightpaw seized the chance he had when he saw Lionpaw staring at him, stunned. He jumped forward and bowled the ThunderClan apprentice over, digging his claws into the tom's golden pelt. Lionpaw let out a yowl of surprise, but didn't fight back.

Nightpaw managed to pin the bulky apprentice down and stared into his green eyes.

"What are you doing, Flowerpaw?" Lionpaw asked, pain edging his mew.

"Defending my Clan!" Nightpaw replied. He couldn't understand why Lionpaw was so hurt emotionally by Nightpaw attacking him. Then he remembered the time he had seen Lionpaw at the border and Lionpaw had told him to say hi to Flowerpaw.

He's friends with Flowerpaw! Maybe more than friends?

He forced his claws deeper into Lionpaw's skin, and finally the golden tom reacted. He sprang forward, thrusting Nightpaw off him and raced away, back to his side of the border. Nightpaw snorted.

He didn't want to hurt me because I'm Flowerpaw.

He looked around at the rest of the scuffle going on around him, and saw that Flintflash had Willowfoot pinned down and was pummeling at her belly, which was now scarlet with blood. Still annoyed that he was more puny and useless in Flowerpaw's body, he jumped forward to Willowfoot's aid, mustering all of his strength. He swiped his claws across Flintflash's muzzle, scoring marks across it. Flintflash growled at Nightpaw and swiped at his

head, but Nightpaw jumped out of the way, more nimble than ever.

Taking advantage of Flowerpaw's small body, Nightpaw dived under Flintflash's belly while the warrior was distracted and slashed his claws across the ThunderClan cat's belly. Flintflash crashed to the ground in pain. Willowfoot managed to find her footing and got to her paws. She gave Flintflash's ear a strike with her claws, and sent the intruder running.

"Retreat, ThunderClan!" Firespot yowled, casting a furious glance at Birdcoat, the leader of the WindClan patrol.

Nightpaw was the first to let out a yowl of triumph, raising his muzzle to the sky. He didn't have a single scratch on him. His Clanmates joined him and all yowled out to the sky.

"Good job, Flowerpaw," Beetleclaw meowed, giving Nightpaw an affectionate look. "You fought well. I'm proud of you."

Nightpaw beamed at his father. *If only you knew it was your son who did that,* he thought internally. *Will I be stuck like this forever? Will my achievements always be thought of as Flowerpaw's achievements?*

Nightpaw sighed softly, looking away from his father.

"What's wrong?" Beetleclaw asked, worry edging his voice.

What would Flowerpaw say?

"I just don't like fighting or hurting other cats. I get enough of that from Nightpaw," he meowed, making his voice as sweet and innocent as possible.

Beetleclaw flinched at the mention of his son.

"Nightpaw has...a quick temper. He doesn't think about what he says or does before he does it," Beetleclaw said with a sigh.

Nightpaw looked away. He couldn't handle hearing his father talk about him like this. His mother and father were both so disappointed in him, maybe Flowerpaw could change that.

"But I still love him!" Beetleclaw added quickly. "He's my son, and nothing he does could ever make me stop loving him."

Emotion prickled in Nightpaw's tail and feet, and he could hardly conceal his smile.

"If you two stopped fighting, I'm sure you could be friends."

"Maybe..." Nightpaw muttered, looking at his paws. The patrol was padding back to camp, and Birdcoat was carrying the squirrel that ThunderClan had stolen. Nightpaw watched his father, pride rippling through his pelt. He was glad to have such a great warrior as his father.

"You're limping!" Nightpaw exclaimed as he noticed Beetleclaw not putting any weight on his front paw.

"It's just a bit sore," Beetleclaw replied, his yellow eyes glazing over with tiredness.

"You need to go straight to Maplefur!" Nightpaw insisted. He could see the rise of the camp only a few fox-lengths away. "I'll go ahead and get her, I'm not hurt."

Nightpaw raced ahead of the patrol, who all had scratches across their body, and crashed into camp. The eyes of all of his Clan-mates gazed at him with worry.

"Flowerpaw!"

"Where's the rest of the patrol?"

"No time to talk!" Nightpaw shouted above the crowd and raced into the medicine den. Maplefur was in there with Beepaw, showing him a herb. Beepaw whipped around when his brother entered, but the medicine cat apprentice had no idea it was really his brother.

"We had a skirmish at the border! The rest of the patrol is hurt, Beetleclaw is limping," Nightpaw explained, his golden-brown tail flicking back and forth.

"Beetleclaw!" Beepaw pricked up at his father's name and raced out

of the den. Nightpaw hastily followed. The injured patrol was just trudging into camp. Willowfoot flopped to the ground in exhaustion, a pool of red surrounding her from her belly.

"Willowfoot!" Dustfall cried and bolted over to his sister.

Warriors all started crowding around the patrol. Palemist had left the nursery and was trying desperately to get to Birdcoat, her kits following suit.

Nightpaw watched worriedly as Maplefur and Beepaw rubbed as many herb poultices into the warriors' scratches as they could.

"Flowerpaw saved me!" Nightpaw heard Willowfoot proclaim. All eyes turned to Nightpaw again, and he scuffed the ground with his paw in embarrassment. He looked up and saw himself... Flowerpaw, smiling at him.

Maybe we could be friends, he thought.

"Good job, Flowerpaw," a voice meowed behind him.

Nightpaw turned around to see Eveningstar grinning at him. Nightpaw dipped his head to the leader.

"You'll have fun at the Gathering tonight," Eveningstar added with a smirk and padded away.

"Yes!" Nightpaw jumped into the air with excitement. *I haven't been to a Gathering in ages! I've been stuck doing apprentice duties. Flowerpaw has to do them now!*

"It's still early, the sun's only just come up," Beetleclaw remarked, padding over to Nightpaw. "You should go get some sleep, dawn patrols are draining."

Nightpaw nodded and padded over to the ditch where the apprentices' nests were. He was about to get into his own nest, but stopped himself.

I've gotta get used to sleeping in Flowerpaw's nest, he scolded himself. *It'll be suspicious if I sleep in mine.*

He clambered into Flowerpaw's soft nest, a feather tickling his nose. He flicked it away and drew in Flowerpaw's sweet scent.

Stop that! She's still annoying, this doesn't change anything. The fact that she's sweet and kind and beautiful and has such a soft pelt and...no! I'm not going to be friends with her.

Nightpaw quickly drifted off to sleep, still debating with himself whether to befriend Flowerpaw or not.

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"Be careful, the tree-bridge is slippery," Beetleclaw told Nightpaw as he stepped up to cross the flowing lake below him. His father wasn't wrong; frost glittered on the tree-bridge and his golden paw slipped as he placed it on the tree.

"Come on, Flowerpaw!" Pigeonpaw called from the island.

I'm not Flowerpaw, Nightpaw groaned to himself. He placed his other paws on the tree-bridge and slowly padded across. He kept his eyes on his paws, trying not to look at the dark water swirling only a tail-length below.

He looked up and saw Pigeonpaw was right in front of him. He was on the other side! He jumped off the tree and followed the fluffy grey apprentice through the bushes until they came to a clearing. Only ThunderClan was already there. Nightpaw growled. *Why them? I just hope Lionpaw was injured enough that he couldn't come.*

Nightpaw and Pigeonpaw waited until Cherrypaw was with them, then padded further into the clearing. Nightpaw could see Bluepaw and Doepaw with the ThunderClan cats, and breathed a sigh of relief when he couldn't see Lionpaw.

The two ThunderClan apprentices noticed the WindClan apprentices, and after a moment of whispering to each other, they joined the WindClan cats.

"Hey, Cherrypaw!" Bluepaw greeted the brown tabby as she neared.

"Hi, Bluepaw," Cherrypaw replied.

"I'm glad Nightpaw isn't here tonight," Doepaw commented.

Nightpaw bristled.

"Why?" he asked the cream she-cat.

"*Why?* Because you're always going on about how horrible he is!" Doepaw meowed like it was obvious.

Does Flowerpaw really gossip about me at Gatherings?

"Oh, yeah. Of course," Nightpaw meowed, looking around uncomfortably.

"Also, Lionpaw is looking for you, Flowerpaw," Bluepaw added, looking at Nightpaw with a cheeky smirk.

His eyes widened as he noticed Lionpaw's golden tabby pelt weaving through the WindClan cats.

"I'll go, um, t-talk to him," he stuttered.

Nightpaw raced away from the ThunderClan cats, feeling immensely awkward. Lionpaw's green eyes shone in the moonlight as he saw Nightpaw as Flowerpaw.

"Flowerpaw! Over here!" Lionpaw cried, waving his paw in the air.

Nightpaw cringed, wanting to back away, but forced himself to pad towards the golden tabby.

"ShadowClan is about to cross, let's talk before RiverClan gets here," Lionpaw whispered in Nightpaw's golden-brown ear. Lionpaw pushed his way through a large, sweet-smelling bush, flicking his tail for Nightpaw to follow.

Nightpaw groaned internally and followed the ThunderClan apprentice. As soon as he shoved his way into the bush, Lionpaw thrust his muzzle towards Nightpaw's muzzle.

"Gah! What are you doing?" Nightpaw cried.

"Um...what we always do at the Gatherings?" Lionpaw asked rather than answered. "We only see each other when we're both here."

"I-I haven't been t-to a Gathering in a w-while," Nightpaw stuttered. "Remind me what we do?"

"Hide in a bush so no one can see us talking and share tongues," Lionpaw meowed, smiling sweetly at Nightpaw.

Nightpaw breathed a sigh of relief that it wasn't anything more.

"R-right, I'm just not feeling w-well today," Nightpaw stammered, trying to find the right thing to say.

"Also, why'd you attack me today?" Lionpaw asked, his eyes now flooded with pain.

Nightpaw noticed the scratches on the ThunderClan apprentice's chest and back and smelled the strong scent of marigold on him.

"I-um-had to. It would've been suspicious if I didn't," Nightpaw lied. He cringed at what he was about to do. "No one can know about us." He pushed his muzzle into Lionpaw's chest and forced a purr. He could feel Lionpaw's chest rumbling as he purred, and he had to use all of his strength not to pull away.

"I think RiverClan is here," Lionpaw commented, his nose close to the gap in the bush.

"Let's go," Nightpaw meowed. He pushed his way out of the bush in time to see Troutstar leading her Clan across the tree-bridge. Her deputy, Splashfall, padded behind her.

Lionpaw brushed against Nightpaw's pelt, making him cringe again.

"I hope Specklepaw came tonight," Lionpaw commented. Specklepaw was a tom apprentice from RiverClan who Nightpaw was friends with, and so was Lionpaw apparently.

Nightpaw noticed the group of apprentices from all of the Clans that he normally saw Flowerpaw with. He debated whether to join them or stay with Lionpaw.

"I'm going to go back to my litter-mates," Nightpaw mewed, padding slowly away from Lionpaw. "We can't risk spending too much time together."

"Okay, I just-"

Nightpaw bounded away towards the group. Luckily he knew everyone's names. There was Bluepaw and Doepaw from ThunderClan, Rustpaw from ShadowClan and Seedpaw and Specklepaw from RiverClan.

"Hey Flowerpaw!" Rustpaw called as she saw Nightpaw approaching. "What's up?"

If only I could tell you.

"Not much," Nightpaw replied.

A small ginger she-cat padded up to Nightpaw, and in a moment of panic, he forgot her name. He strained to remember her name. He drew in her scent, and fish bathed his tongue.

"Seedpaw! Hi!" he mewed as he remembered her name. He barely spoke to the RiverClan apprentices, but he knew Beepaw was friends with Driftpaw, who was the RiverClan medicine cat apprentice.

"Hey! Rustpaw was just telling us about how she helped fight a fox away from ShadowClan!" Seedpaw replied, excitement in her voice.

"Cool," Nightpaw meowed.

"It was huge!" Rustpaw continued, her dark ginger pelt gleaming in the moonlight. "It was just me, my mentor, Bearpounce, and Dovetooth. We were on a hunting patrol when it jumped out of nowhere! Dovetooth was injured so she couldn't come tonight, but Bearpounce and I fought it off! I think it went into ThunderClan territory."

"Thanks a lot!" Bluepaw growled sarcastically. Rustpaw chuckled sheepishly.

"Let the Gathering begin!" Kestrelstar, the leader of ShadowClan, yowled.

Nightpaw sat beside Cherrypaw, and looked up at the leaders. Then he felt someone brush against his pelt. He turned his head to the side and saw Lionpaw sitting beside him, their golden pelts rubbing against each other's.

"I'm glad you're here tonight," Lionpaw mewed, rasping his tongue across Nightpaw's ear.

"Hehe," Nightpaw chuckled awkwardly."Me too."

Chapter six-Flowerpaw

Flowerpaw fidgeted as she lay in Nightpaw's nest. He had just left for the dawn patrol as her with her mentor, Beetleclaw.

Everyone likes me better, now he's going to be treated better and I have to be him.

She remembered with a jolt that Nightpaw had to do extra apprentice duties after he had attacked her during training.

Now I have to do his duties!

"Nightpaw!" Dawnmist called. Flowerpaw lifted her head and looked around for the warrior.

I have a new mentor as well! Dawnmist is so strict! If I told her I'm Flowerpaw, she'd think I'm mad!

"Yes, Dawnmist?" she asked as she jumped out of Nightpaw's nest and padded over to the grey she-cat. Dawnmist gave her a confused look, tilting her head to the side.

"Is something wrong?" Flowerpaw mewed.

Dawnmist looked even more confused. "Usually you're a grump in the morning, not a chipper apprentice ready to do jobs."

Mouse-dung! I need to act like him.

"Yeah, whatever," Flowerpaw growled, imitating Nightpaw the best she could. She watched Dawnmist carefully.

"That's more like it," Dawnmist chuckled. "Maplefur and Beepaw need a bit of help collecting herbs along the Horseplace, and they wanted someone trained in fighting to go with them." Dawnmist started to pad away, but stopped and looked back at Flowerpaw. "Oh, and Beepaw specifically requested his brother."

Flowerpaw sighed. Beepaw didn't like her one bit, like his brother, but she wasn't Flowerpaw anymore. She was Nightpaw, Beepaw's brother.

She headed away from the apprentices' ditch and towards the medicine den where Beepaw and Maplefur were waiting for her.

"Thanks for helping us," Beepaw mewed, flicking Flowerpaw's black flank with his tail.

"No problem," Flowerpaw replied awkwardly. "Um, I'd do anything for my brother."

Beepaw cocked his head to the side in confusion.

"You don't sound like yourself, are you okay?" Beepaw asked as he and Maplefur started out of camp.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm fine!" Flowerpaw quickly meowed, following the medicine cats out of the camp. She stumbled over a small rock as she tried to catch up, and as she braced herself, she could feel more strength in her muscles.

Nightpaw's stronger than I thought. I'll never get used to being in his body. I just want to be myself again!

"We're looking for chervil and coltsfoot," Beepaw told her. "They grow best around Horseplace so that's where we're going."

Flowerpaw nodded silently and followed beside the medicine cat apprentice.

Why does this have to be so awkward? she asked in her mind, looking up to the sky. She could imagine the warriors of StarClan laughing at their cruel joke.

I'll show them! I'll be a better Nightpaw than Nightpaw is!

"I found the chervil!" Maplefur called to the two apprentices.

Flowerpaw turned to face to mottled red cat, a cold wind whipping her face.

"They'll be helpful when leaf-bare is here," Beepaw mewed, trotting over to his mentor.

Flowerpaw went to follow him, but stopped as a voice sounded behind her.

"Nightpaw! Is that you?"

Flowerpaw whipped around to see a light brown spotted she-cat standing a few tail-lengths away.

"Ah...who are you?" Flowerpaw asked.

"Don't you remember me? We met yesterday! I was hoping you'd be back today!" the she-cat exclaimed happily.

"I'm not sure I do remember," Flowerpaw mewed.

"Jenga! I'm Jenga!" she cried. "Is your memory that bad?"

"Who's this?" Maplefur asked as she walked up to the two cats.

"I'm Jenga, I'm from the stable," she mewed.

"You two know each other?" Maplefur asked, giving Flowerpaw a stern look.

"I've never seen her before! I swear!" Flowerpaw told Maplefur hastily. She looked at Jenga; the Horseplace cat was staring at Flowerpaw in shock.

"W-we met yesterday!" she mewed desperately. "How else would I know your name?"

Oh fox-dung! Nightpaw must've met her when he ran away from camp! I don't know anything about her though!

Flowerpaw leaned as close to Jenga as she dared.

"I had to lie, I'm going to get in trouble now," she whispered. She pulled away and watched Jenga. The she-cat's green eyes widened and she quickly looked at her paws.

"I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to get you in trouble," she meowed softly.

"It's okay," Flowerpaw mewed as she pulled away from the strange cat. "I met her yesterday, Maplefur. She's friendly, don't worry," Flowerpaw told the medicine cat, who was still looking skeptical.

"So is my friend, Yeti!" Jenga added in.

Flowerpaw held her tongue so she didn't ask who Yeti was.

Maplefur backed away slightly, still looking at Jenga through slit eyes. "Well, I've got all the chervil I need, we should be getting back to camp."

Flowerpaw nodded quickly. Beepaw gave Jenga a friendly smile as he walked past her and brushed his tail along Flowerpaw's flank. Flowerpaw followed him and padded beside him, flicking her tail to say goodbye to Jenga.

"She looks like she likes you, Nightpaw," Beepaw mewed mischievously.

Flowerpaw scoffed. "Trust me, she barely knows me." She wasn't lying, Jenga didn't know a thing about *Flowerpaw*.

Beepaw chuckled and continued padding on, following his mentor. A strange thought entered Flowerpaw's head, but it was one she used to think when she was a kit.

"Are you ever disappointed that you can't have a mate?" she asked the medicine cat apprentice. Beepaw looked at her, surprise lighting his eyes.

"Well, um, no, not really," Beepaw stammered. "I've given it a lot of thought, but I feel like I'll survive without a mate."

"What? No she-cat in the Clan live up to your standards?" Flowerpaw asked haughtily.

"What?! No! That's got nothing to do with it," Beepaw mewed hastily. "Don't be mouse-brained."

"Okay, well what do you think of Flowerpaw?"

Beepaw gave Flowerpaw a strange look.

"I mean, she's annoying, I'll give you that," Beepaw meowed carefully.

Flowerpaw bit back a growl.

"But you're too rough with her, I think you both need to just calm down," Beepaw finished.

Flowerpaw let out a huff of exasperation and carried on walking in silence. The camp was coming into view now and she could see a hunting patrol returning to the right of them.

"I need to help Maplefur put these herbs away, okay? I'll see you later," Beepaw told Flowerpaw, flicking her flank with his tail as he raced ahead of her into the camp.

He's such a different brother from Pigeonpaw, Flowerpaw observed. *It's going to be hard to get used to having him as my brother. If only I could tell him that I'm really Flowerpaw.*

Flowerpaw stepped over the rise and pushed past a bush into the camp. Fresh-kill scent filled her nose and her mouth started to water. She padded over to the fresh-kill pile and picked a delicious-looking rabbit from the top. A catch like this was rare in such late leaf-fall when it was so cold.

Flowerpaw was incredibly tempted to dig into the rabbit and have it all for herself, but she knew that was wrong when it was such and plump rabbit.

Flowerpaw grabbed the rabbit by its scruff and hauled it towards the nursery. She pushed her way inside and smiled as the sweet scent of milk washed over her. Memories from when she was a kit in the nursery at Silvershine's belly flooded her mind. She could almost still feel Cherrypaw and Pigeonpaw on either side of her suckling at their mother's belly.

"Got some food for you," she told the queens as she dropped the

rabbit. Palemist purred as her eyes fell on the plump catch. Her kits all clambered around her and started tackling the rabbit.

"Oi! Leave that alone!" Lilyblossom, the other queen, scolded them. Her belly was very round with kits that would be born any day now.

"But we want to kill the enemy!" Specklekit mewed.

"It's already dead, sweetie. It's for eating," Palemist meowed softly.

"You're too soft with your kits," Lilyblossom told Palemist with a snort.

"Oh well, that's my problem," Palemist sighed. "Thank you, Nightpaw. That was very thoughtful of you," she added, looking over at Flowerpaw.

Flowerpaw dipped her head to the two queens and backed out of the nursery. As she stepped back into the camp clearing, she could hear the whole Clan murmuring and meowing loudly. A large crowd of cats was surrounding something but Flowerpaw couldn't see what. She raced over to her Clanmates and pushed through them to see what was happening. She heard Dustfall cry out Willowfoot's name, and a moment later, Palemist had pushed her way out of the nursery with her kits trailing behind her and was standing beside Flowerpaw.

Flowerpaw gasped as she saw that the dawn patrol had returned with many wounds scored across their bodies, and blood was staining the grass around Willowfoot. The tortoiseshell warrior lifted her head and looked at the Clan.

"Flowerpaw saved me!" she cried.

For a moment, Flowerpaw thought the warrior was delusional with pain, but she soon realised she was talking about Nightpaw, who was in Flowerpaw's body, when everyone turned to look at him. Flowerpaw followed their gazes and looked at Nightpaw; he didn't have a single scratch on him. She smiled with amusement as he scuffed the ground. But soon, her face went hot with

embarrassment as he looked up at her. She kept her smile on her face, even though she was uncomfortable with the thoughtful gaze he was giving her.

She finally looked away as Nightpaw's attention was taken by Eveningstar, and Flowerpaw let out a sigh as the leader told Nightpaw, who he thought was Flowerpaw, that he could go to the Gathering.

I'm going to be left alone with no friends or litter-mates, Flowerpaw realised with a pang of sadness. *And I won't get to see Lionpaw tonight. Is this amusing to you, StarClan?*

Flowerpaw looked up to the sky, where the weaksunlight was pushing its way out from behind a cloud. She still couldn't figure out why, or how, StarClan had managed to switch her body with Nightpaw's, but however it had happened, she knew she had to put things back to normal.

Chapter seven-Flowerpaw

Two sunrises had passed since Flowerpaw had watched as the Clan left for the Gathering, and she still hadn't plucked up the courage to ask Nightpaw what had happened that night. She could guess by the way he was staring at her with a teasing look most of the time that he had talked to Lionpaw.

Stupid Nightpaw, she growled to herself, *why can't he mind his own business and stay out of my love life?*

She lay in the sun on her back, with her paws sticking in the air as she stretched. She could see her own golden tabby pelt entering the camp with a patrol and she knew that Nightpaw had returned. She'd been waiting for him. She needed to confront him about the Gathering, ask him what Lionpaw had said to him.

Flowerpaw rolled over onto her paws and started to pad up to the apprentice, when Dawnmist jumped in front of her suddenly.

"Nightpaw! I'm so sorry, I fell asleep and I forgot to tell you something important," the grey warrior meowed quickly. "Your final assessment is today. Make sure you're good and ready."

Flowerpaw froze. Fear flooded over her and her mind started whirling. *I can't do Nightpaw's warrior assessment! He'll kill me! I don't have enough training!* She could feel bile rising in the back of her throat, and when she turned her head to look for Nightpaw, she could see her own yellow eyes glaring at her intensely.

"Final...final assessment?" She gulped.

"Yes, we're leaving as soon as the next patrol gets back," Dawnmist replied. "I'm sorry, I meant to tell you this morning but I had to go on patrol and I only just woke up after my nap."

Flowerpaw tried to interject but the grey warrior padded away before she could get a word out. She was left with her mouth

gaping open and her tail flicking worriedly.

As she stood there, the golden tabby Nightpaw marched over to her, his whiskers quivering and eyes narrowed.

"I promise I'll do the best I can-" Flowerpaw began.

"No!" Nightpaw interrupted, his thick fur standing on end. "You need to fail it."

Now Flowerpaw was incredibly confused. Nightpaw wanted her to fail his own assessment?

"Why?" she asked gingerly, afraid that Nightpaw would snap at her.

"Because if you pass, you'll be given my warrior name!" Nightpaw growled, frustration edging his mew. "Everyone still thinks you're me, and I'm you, but you are not getting my warrior name."

Flowerpaw's mind started to spin. She had to do an assessment, fail it, and she was trapped in Nightpaw's body.

"But if I fail, wouldn't that make you look bad?" she queried, tilting her head to the side.

"Well I'm not me so I don't care. Just, do your best to fail it, okay?"

Flowerpaw nodded, her mind still foggy. She started to feel dizzy with so many thoughts rushing through her head.

As Nightpaw started to pad away, Flowerpaw realised she had forgotten to ask him what had happened at the Gathering between him and Lionpaw. She started to go after him, but stopped when she saw Dawnmist making her way over.

Flowerpaw quickly glanced over at the entrance to the camp to see a patrol consisting of Pinespots, Brightsun, Cherrypaw and Ashfleck entering the camp.

Oh no, the patrol is back. Flowerpaw took in a deep breath as Dawnmist came to stand beside her. Flowerpaw quickly gave her black chest fur a lick, trying to calm her nerves.

"Okay, you're going to be doing some partner hunting with Cherrypaw," the grey warrior explained as she beckoned Cherrypaw over. The brown tabby raced over as fast as she could.

"Hey, Nightpaw! Sunleaf told me I'm helping with your assessment!" the apprentice mewed excitedly. "It'll give me some practice for my assessment in a few moons!"

Dawnmist nodded to the two apprentices and led them out of camp. Flowerpaw trailed behind as far as she could, her paws tingling nervously.

Pull yourself together! It's not your assessment, and you're going to fail! Flowerpaw reasoned with herself. She couldn't understand why she was so nervous. Perhaps it was because Nightpaw was such a great apprentice that Eveningstar would make him a warrior even if he failed. *Where did that thought come from? He's not a great apprentice. Not really. Well, he does fight pretty well, I-*

"Nightpaw! Did you hear what I said?" Dawnmist interrupted Flowerpaw's thoughts. Flowerpaw stared at her wide-eyed, slightly scared of the strict warrior.

"S-sorry, no," Flowerpaw mumbled, looking down at her paws.

Dawnmist shook her head dismissively, before repeating herself. "I said, your first task is to catch a rabbit together."

Flowerpaw quickly nodded, and dashed away onto the moor as fast as she could. After running several tail-lengths, she reached the top of the ridge and stopped. She scented the air for rabbit, but was distracted when she heard Cherrypaw's paws thrumming against the ground behind her as she ran after her sister.

"Great StarClan, Nightpaw! You'll scare all of the rabbits away!" Cherrypaw exclaimed, flicking her tail across Flowerpaw's sleek, black flank.

"Sorry, I just wanted to get started as soon as possible," Flowerpaw lied. Truthfully, she wanted as much time to figure out a way to fail the assessment. Thoughts and plans rushed through Flowerpaw's

head as she wracked her brain for the perfect idea.

If I get Cherrypaw to chase a rabbit towards me, I'll miss it and it'll be my fault, not hers. Flowerpaw finally decided on what to do and gave her head and small nod of satisfaction.

"So what's the plan?" Cherrypaw asked, her brown tail swishing anxiously. "You're in charge."

"First, track down a rabbit," Flowerpaw began. "You get upwind of it so it will scent you, then chase it straight into my claws."

Cherrypaw nodded in agreement, and the two apprentices silently padded down the hill, both scenting the air for rabbits.

Soon enough, they found one nibbling on the grass, unaware of the predators closing in on it. Flowerpaw signaled with her tail to a spot behind the rabbit for Cherrypaw to creep up on it. The two cats silently took their places, but Flowerpaw could scarcely concentrate. She was starting to feel really strange and awkward about the fact that Cherrypaw didn't even realise that she was with her sister, and not Nightpaw. No one knew. It really started to dawn on Flowerpaw just how frustrating it was to have to pretend to be Nightpaw, doing his extra chores and now his assessment, and the fact that if she told anyone, they'd think she was crazy.

Flowerpaw quickly shook her head to clear away the thoughts, but they still lingered at the back of her mind. She could see that Cherrypaw was patiently waiting for her signal, so she quickly flicked her tail to indicate for Cherrypaw to start.

The brown tabby slowly padded forward, and the rabbit perked up, ears swiveling and nose twitching. It scented the air for a moment, before darting straight towards Flowerpaw. She needed to make it look like it was a really bad attempt.

She waited for the perfect moment when she could easily catch the rabbit, then she jumped to the side, making it look like she was trying to kill it, but missed it completely as it swerved easily away. Flowerpaw faked her annoyance, secretly relieved.

"Don't worry, Nightpaw," Cherrypaw mewed encouragingly, though she sounded uncertain. "I'm sure you'll get the next one."

Flowerpaw nodded, making herself look as upset as she could. She would make sure that she didn't catch one single rabbit.

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After several more failed attempts at catching a rabbit together, Flowerpaw was ready to finish. It was exhausting to pretend she was a bad hunter. At one point Cherrypaw was almost able to catch a rabbit herself, but Flowerpaw made sure it ran in the opposite direction. She could visibly see Cherrypaw fuming with annoyance.

"Alright," Dawnmist mewed, padding forward from a patch of grass she was hunkered down in. "That's enough partner hunting for today." She seemed to be avoiding Flowerpaw's gaze, and the apprentice could tell that the mentor was feeling awkward, especially in front of Cherrypaw.

"It's okay, I'm sure you're just having an off day for hunting," Cherrypaw meowed kindly, placing her tail on Flowerpaw's shoulder.

"Yeah, an off day," Flowerpaw echoed, sounding very downcast. She could tell by the look in Dawnmist's eyes that there was no way Nightpaw would be made a warrior now.

"Cherrypaw, go back to camp now," Dawnmist instructed the tabby she-cat.

Cherrypaw nodded, looking down at the ground, and bounded back towards the camp. As soon as she was out of earshot, Dawnmist looked at Flowerpaw, giving her a stern look.

"Listen, if you feel like you're not going to do well with the rest of the assessment, that's perfectly fine," Dawnmist soothed. Her fluffy tail flicked behind her anxiously. "I can give you more training for the next half moon or so, and then you can try again."

What if Nightpaw and I haven't switched back by then? What if we never switch back?

"I'll tell you when I feel I'm ready to redo it," Flowerpaw meowed slowly, choosing each word carefully.

Dawnmist nodded in understanding. "It's a tough assessment, and very nerve-wracking. I want you to be completely ready for it. We can head back to camp now."

As the two walked slowly back to camp, Flowerpaw hung her head.

I know Nightpaw wanted me to fail, so why do I feel so bad about it?

She looked to her side to see Dawnmist smiling at her affectionately. "Don't worry, you're not the first apprentice to retake their final assessment," she told him, her voice soft and encouraging.

"I know," Flowerpaw mewed. "It's just that I'm old enough to be a warrior and I feel like I've failed you." *Where is this all coming from? Is this what Nightpaw would say?*

"Don't think like that. I'm sure when it comes to you retaking it, you'll do wonderfully," Dawnmist remarked.

The two cats were silent from then on, all the way back to camp. Flowerpaw bounded across the camp towards the fresh-kill pile, her stomach rumbling. She noticed out of the corner of her eye a golden figure padding towards her casually. It was Nightpaw. She still wasn't used to seeing herself walking about, knowing that it really wasn't her.

Nightpaw stood on the other side of the small pile, making it look like he was choosing a piece of fresh-kill.

"How did it go?" he whispered, his voice high with anxiety.

"Nightpaw failed and has to retake the assessment when he is ready," she whispered back, pulling a blackbird from the pile.

"Well what if we never switch back?" Nightpaw queried, raising his voice slightly. "What if I never get to take my own assessment?"

"I don't know!" Flowerpaw whisper-yelled, frustration bubbling

inside of her. "I'm not a StarClan warrior who enjoys meddling with apprentices' lives, but we need to talk to Maplefur about it." She grabbed the blackbird in her jaws and stalked away towards where Cherrypaw was sitting, grooming herself.

She plonked down beside her sister and started to tear into her blackbird. She was surprised when she felt Cherrypaw intertwining her tail with hers.

"Are you okay? Did you pass?" Cherrypaw asked softly, her nose only a whisker-length from Flowerpaw's.

"I'm fine and no," Flowerpaw replied simply. "I'm going to retake the assessment when I'm ready."

Cherrypaw gave Flowerpaw a reassuring smile, then pushed her muzzle into her soft, black chest. Her eyes widened with discomfort when she felt Cherrypaw's purrs rumbling against her.

I thought Cherrypaw didn't like Nightpaw either. Flowerpaw had no idea how to respond, she didn't know what Nightpaw's feelings were towards her sister.

She's my sister! This is really weird.

"Listen, Nightpaw," Cherrypaw cut the silence between them. "I know I've been distant lately, and that's because I needed to respect my sister's feelings towards you."

Feelings?! What feelings?

"But you two haven't been arguing as much recently so I guess she doesn't hate you quite as much now," Cherrypaw went on.

Oh, those *feelings.*

"And you probably already figured this out, but I need to be truthful with you." Cherrypaw's eyes were starting to cloud with anxiety and her tail flicked back and forth as she found the right words.

"I really like you."

No! Cherrypaw it's me! Your sister! Flowerpaw had to bite her tongue so she didn't yowl that out loud. *How long has she felt like this for? Has my dislike for Nightpaw blinded me to my sister's feelings towards him? Dear StarClan this is not good.*

"Well?" Cherrypaw prompted. "Are you going to say anything?"

Flowerpaw completely froze up. "Ugh..." she murmured. Her mouth physically couldn't form any intelligible words.

"That's it?" Flowerpaw could see Cherrypaw's eyes were full of sorrow and anger. "I finally admit my feelings and all you can say is *ugh*?"

The tabby apprentice stood up in a huff and stomped over to Pigeonpaw, who started glaring at Flowerpaw when Cherrypaw whispered something in his ear. Flowerpaw just wanted to wail out that she wasn't Nightpaw, even though she was in his body. *It's Flowerpaw! The good-natured, always helpful and sweet Flowerpaw!*

She turned around to see her own yellow eyes piercing through her now-amber eyes. Nightpaw sat down beside her and gave her a hard look as if to say that she just ruined his chance with Cherrypaw.

"Sorry," she mumbled, taking a small bite of her blackbird that she had nearly forgotten about.

Nightpaw stared at her for a moment, then gazed over at the medicine den.

"We need to talk to Maplefur," he concluded.

Chapter eight-Nightpaw

Nightpaw was officially fed up with being trapped in Flowerpaw's body. Everyone was treating him differently, he had to act differently, he couldn't take his own final assessment and to top it all off, the only she-cat who even liked him now thought he was a fox-heart. He needed his own life back.

"Come on." He flicked his tail at Flowerpaw, indicating for her to follow, and stormed towards the medicine cats' den. Maplefur's scent clung to the entrance, and he quickly poked his head in to make sure she was there, and *only* her.

He cleared his throat to get the medicine cat's attention, then stepped inside with Flowerpaw trailing behind him.

"Hello Flowerpaw," Maplefur meowed, looking at Nightpaw.

Does she know we switched bodies? he thought inwardly.

"What can I do for you?" she continued.

Flowerpaw pushed past Nightpaw angrily, her black fur standing on end. Nightpaw still couldn't get used to the fact that Flowerpaw looked like him, well, more like she was in his body.

"Switch us back!" Flowerpaw shouted, thrusting her muzzle right in front of the medicine cat's face. "We know you know, so whatever you did to make this happen, undo it!"

For a moment, Maplefur looked taken aback, but she quickly regained her composure and looked directly into Flowerpaw's amber eyes.

"I've no idea what you're talking about," the red medicine cat stated calmly.

"Oh, don't act dumb!" Flowerpaw screeched, interrupting Nightpaw as he took a breath to speak. "We know you somehow switched us

around, and we want our lives back!"

Nightpaw just nodded in agreement, not daring to interrupt Flowerpaw when she was this furious.

"Well you seem to be acting the same as usual so..." Maplefur mewed cheekily, her tail flicking.

Finally Nightpaw spoke up. "Please, we just want our normal lives back," he pleaded desperately. He could see Maplefur's gaze soften, and he felt Flowerpaw relax slightly beside him.

"You two seem to be getting along better," Maplefur observed. "Looks like my plan is working."

"So you *did* plan it!" Flowerpaw marvelled, her tail starting to lash again. "I knew it!"

Nightpaw looked anxiously at the medicine cat. "So can you put us back to normal?" he asked her quietly.

Maplefur looked away from him for a moment. He could see her whiskers quivering as she thought of her answer.

"I'll talk to StarClan about it on my next trip to the Moonpool," Maplefur answered.

Flowerpaw bristled and Nightpaw started to get agitated again.

"The next half-moon is still half a moon away!" Flowerpaw cried indignantly. "We'll be waiting for sunrises!"

"Yeah!" Nightpaw joined in, his booming voice echoing around the den. "We've only been swapped for a few sunrises and we can't stand it!"

"Well you're going to have to stand it because I don't feel like you've sufficiently learned your lesson!" Maplefur declared as she stepped closer to the two apprentices.

Nightpaw knew he wanted to do nothing more than swipe the smug medicine cat's face for ruining his life, but he knew there was no

sense in arguing. That's what got him into this mess in the first place.

Flowerpaw, on the other hand, was fuming. Nightpaw watched as the black fur along her spine rose, and she bared her teeth.

Is that really what I look like when I'm angry?

Tail lashing, Flowerpaw also took a step towards the medicine cat. As Nightpaw, Flowerpaw stood just taller than Maplefur, but the red she-cat didn't waver.

"Come on, Flowerpaw," Nightpaw muttered. "It's no use, she won't listen."

This must be how my Clanmates see me; brash, rude and always ready to argue, Nightpaw lamented, his tail drooping. *Maybe that* is *the best way to describe me.*

He stepped out of the medicine den with a reluctant Flowerpaw following.

When they were far enough away from the den, Flowerpaw turned to Nightpaw, amber eyes piercing through him like claws.

"I can't believe her!" she proclaimed. "We've been nice enough to each other for the past few sunrises, we haven't fought at all, surely we can go back to normal?"

Nightpaw thought for a moment. Flowerpaw was right, but at the same time, so was Maplefur.

"Maybe she needs more proof that this has actually worked," he suggested. "Maybe she wants us to be...friends." He looked cautiously at Flowerpaw, weary that she might claw his ears off for suggesting such a horrible thing. To his surprise, though, she wasn't even looking at him, she was looking across the camp to the moorland, where the sky met the ground.

"Maybe," she mewed softly. "Maybe that wouldn't be so hard." She turned her head so that her glowing amber gaze met Nightpaw's soft, yellow one. He still wasn't used to seeing his own eyes every

time he looked at her, let alone his entire body.

"Would you *want* to be friends?" he asked timidly. His heart sank slightly when she averted her eyes back towards the horizon, where the morning sun was shining dully. Suddenly, she looked back at him, her eyes as sweet as ever.

"I would like tha-"

Her words were cut short as a yowl of pain split the air around them. Nightpaw looked around to see where it had come from, and realised exactly what was happening as soon as Palemist frantically raced out of the nursery.

"Maplefur!" the distressed queen called as she pelted towards the medicine den. "Lilyblossom's kits are coming!"

Nightpaw and Flowerpaw exchanged frantic glances. The whole Clan had been waiting for the arrival of these kits, but the cold weather was starting to set in. Leaf-bare would be upon them soon, and Nightpaw wasn't sure how well young kits would survive through that.

Soon, the mottled red medicine cat emerged from her den with a stick in her mouth and Palemist following hastily. The two cats disappeared into the nursery, but moments later, Maplefur stepped back out again. Her eyes locked with Nightpaw's and she flicked her tail, signalling for him to come to her.

"Beepaw isn't here, so I need help from you," she explained as Nightpaw stepped up to her.

"Can't Palemist help?" he asked. He was very sensitive to the sight of blood, he wasn't sure if he could handle helping with a kitting.

"No," Maplefur meowed sternly. "She's busy looking after her own kits and keeping them calm. I need a smaller cat so you can fit in there."

Nightpaw grumbled inwardly but complied. He followed the medicine cat into the nursery, which was located under a large gorse bush. He could see why Maplefur wanted a smaller cat to

help; the nursery was quite cosy and wasn't very big.

Nightpaw had to stop himself from backing away when Lilyblossom let out another cry of pain and her belly started convulsing.

"Flowerpaw, massage her flank," Maplefur instructed Nightpaw.

You know that I'm Nightpaw, Nightpaw growled silently.

He stepped up to the ginger-and-white queen and placed his paws on her flank. He held them there hesitantly for a moment, then started to rub them up and down her flank. He could hear Palemist's kits crying and whining, but he stayed focused on his task and kept massaging the queen's flank.

"I think you're going to have two," Maplefur guessed, feeling Lilyblossom's belly.

"Can you make them come any faster?" Lilyblossom cried. Nightpaw jumped away from her as she convulsed again.

"That's up to you," Maplefur replied calmly.

I would never be able to be a medicine cat, Nightpaw thought. *I couldn't keep myself calm, let alone keep a patient calm.*

"The first one is nearly here!" Maplefur exclaimed, thrusting the stick towards Lilyblossom. "Bite down on this when you push, don't focus on the pain."

Lilyblossom nodded quickly and grabbed the stick in her teeth. Nightpaw took another step back, not wanting to get in the way.

Lilyblossom cried out and bit down hard on the stick, making it splinter in her mouth. Moments later, a small kit slid out into the nest. It was a light brown little tabby.

"Here, lick it to warm it up," Maplefur instructed, passing the kit to Nightpaw.

Nightpaw pulled the small kit towards him and started to lick its fur the wrong way to warm it. Soon, it let out a small squeak and

started squirming. Nightpaw smiled and placed the kit at Lilyblossom's belly.

"It's a tomkit," Maplefur told the new mother. Lilyblossom smiled down at her new little son, but screwed her face up in pain again. After more work from the queen, a second tom was born; a white-and-brown tabby.

Nightpaw helped again by licking the kit, then placed it at Lilyblossom's belly next to its brother.

"Finally," Lilyblossom breathed, collapsing back into her nest.

"Hold on," Maplefur meowed, feeling the queen's belly again. "There's another one."

The queen let out another groan of pain, and Nightpaw looked away; he was starting to feel woozy from watching all of this.

He looked back up at the queen when he heard the cry of another kit. This one was a tiny, fluffy white one.

"It's a she-kit!" Maplefur declared. "I promise that's the last one."

Lilyblossom looked down at her three kits, love filling up in her eyes.

"Is Eaglewing here?" she asked, looking around.

"I think he's on patrol," Nightpaw recalled.

"Thank you for your help, Flowerpaw," Lilyblossom mewed. "I'm sure you'll be a great mother if you have kits of your own."

Nightpaw had to hold his tongue so he didn't blurt out anything stupid in response.

"Th-thanks," he mewed quietly. "I'll go see if I can find Eaglewing."

Nightpaw quickly bolted out of the gorse bush and into the clearing. Cats were gathering around the nursery, all talking about the new kits.

"I'm sure they're beautiful," Nightpaw heard Cindercloud mew.

"Eaglewing will be so happy when he gets back!" Daisywhisper exclaimed.

Nightpaw quickly turned his attention away from the warriors when he saw a black shape moving towards him, amber eyes looking directly at him.

"Hey, are you okay?" Flowerpaw asked him. "You look like you've seen a StarClan warrior."
Nightpaw realised that his eyes were so wide they were bulging.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine," Nightpaw reassured her. "That was just really strange to, um, watch."

Flowerpaw smirked at him, then let out a laugh.

"You're such a mouse-brain," she mewed teasingly, flicking her tail in his face.

"Am not!" Nightpaw countered, playfully cuffing her ear with his paw.

Flowerpaw looked away from him when squeaky mewls erupted from the nursery.

"I want to see them," she commented, looking at the nursery.

"Well come on then, they're adorable," Nightpaw gushed as he padded back towards the nursery. He pushed his way inside and crouched by the small kits at Lilyblossom's belly.

"I hope you don't mind, Flower- I mean, Nightpaw wanted to see the kits," Nightpaw explained to the queen, fumbling over his words as he nearly called Flowerpaw by her name. Lilyblossom looked at him strangely for a moment, before smiling.

"That's okay, he can come in," she told him.

Nightpaw flicked his tail and Flowerpaw quickly slipped into the nursery. She was hard to see since the nursery didn't have much

sunlight coming through, but Nightpaw could see his amber eyes glowing with wonder.

"They're beautiful," she breathed as she sat beside the kits.

"Eaglewing isn't here yet, but I've decided to call the white she-kit Blizzardkit," Lilyblossom told the apprentices.

"That's a perfect name," Flowerpaw mewed, looking at the bundle of white fur.

"Yeah, I'm sure Eaglewing will love it," Nightpaw added.

Suddenly, the she-kit's mouth burst open and she let out a high pitched squeak. She started squirming and pummelling her mother's belly. Flowerpaw reached down and started to lick the small kit soothingly, rasping her tongue rhythmically across the kit's fur.

"Hush, it's okay little one," Flowerpaw crooned softly. She rasped her tongue across Blizzardkit's head, and soon she started to drift back to sleep.

"Wow, you're good with kits, Nightpaw," Lilyblossom purred. "I'm sure your mate will be very lucky to have you if you ever have kits."

Flowerpaw smiled sheepishly and quickly backed away out of the nursery. Nightpaw said goodbye to Lilyblossom and followed her out. He nearly stumbled over as Eaglewing rushed past him into the nursery.

Nightpaw ran after Flowerpaw, who was making her way to the apprentices' nests. He sat down beside her as she started grooming herself.

"She's right you know," Nightpaw mewed.

"Huh? About what?" Flowerpaw asked him, tilting her head to the side.

"Any tom would be lucky to have you as a mate." Nightpaw looked down at his paws. "You'll make a great mother someday."

He felt Flowerpaw's tail rest on his flank, and he looked up into her amber eyes.

"Thanks," she said after a few moments of hesitation. "I just hope I get to be a mother one day and I'm not stuck like this forever."

Nightpaw let out a laugh and gave her shoulder a flick with his tail.

"Don't worry, we'll fix this," he told her. "I know we will."

Chapter nine-Flowerpaw

[image]

Flowerpaw sat outside the medicine cats' den, waiting for Maplefur to emerge. It was too crowded inside ever since Pinespots had moved in due to a bad cough. The whole Clan was worried that he would be the first to catch greencough, so he was being quarantined in the medicine den.

Come on, I need to talk to you, Flowerpaw mentally willed the medicine cat to come out. It had been a quarter-moon since she had last talked to Maplefur with Nightpaw, and she didn't want to wait for another quarter-moon for Maplefur to talk to StarClan.

"Hey, Nightpaw," Beepaw greeted as he stepped out of the medicine den.

Does he know about us being switched? Flowerpaw wondered.

"Hi Beepaw," Flowerpaw responded.

"Are you waiting for someone?" Beepaw inquired, tilting his head to the side.

"Maplefur," Flowerpaw meowed simply, trying to look past the tabby into the den.

"Oh, she's busy," Beepaw informed her. "Pinespots is having a bad bout of coughing and we can't leave him alone."

Flowerpaw groaned. She really needed to talk to Maplefur. Alone.

"Can't you stay with him and let me talk to Maplefur?" Flowerpaw huffed impatiently.

Beepaw looked at her strangely as if she had something wrong with her.

"Nightpaw, are you okay?" Beepaw asked nervously. "You've been

acting kind of strange lately."

"Oh, so Maplefur hasn't told you," Flowerpaw grumbled softly.

"Told me what?" Beepaw asked, his voice rising slightly with anxiety.

"Ask Maplefur," Flowerpaw growled. "It's all her fault."
She stomped off, leaving Beepaw looking very confused. Flowerpaw had decided she'd had enough of this, she wanted her body back. Of course, she couldn't talk to anyone about it apart from Nightpaw and Maplefur, and the latter always seemed to be busy.

The sun was starting to set, washing the camp in a dull orange light. A chilly breeze swept over the moor and into the camp, making Flowerpaw's black fur stand on end.

Her gaze flicked around the camp, looking for a particular golden tabby pelt. She spotted herself sitting between Pigeonpaw and Cherrypaw, sharing a large rabbit. Flowerpaw's mouth watered as she longed to be sharing fresh-kill with her litter-mates again.

I'm sorry, Cherrypaw, I didn't mean to break your heart, Flowerpaw silently told her sister as she recalled the awkward conversation between them when Cherrypaw had confessed her feelings for Nightpaw.

She continued to stare at the three cats for slightly too long, and Nightpaw looked up and locked eyes with her. She quickly looked away, not wanting Nightpaw to think that she was staring at him.

She flopped down in Nightpaw's nest, trying to push the image of him and Cherrypaw out of her mind.

Why does the idea of them together make me so annoyed? She thought to herself. *This is ridiculous, he's just a stupid, annoying, smart, strong, sweet tom...*

Flowerpaw shook her head clear of the thoughts and tried to lull herself to sleep. A dark shadow made her open her eyes, and she looked up to see a golden tabby standing over her, smiling kindly.

"You look lonely," Nightpaw mewed, sitting down beside her. "I thought I'd join you."
"Why thank you," Flowerpaw giggled. "That's so kind of you."

Nightpaw looked down at his paws, gave his chest fur a quick lick, and then looked back into Flowerpaw's eyes.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" he asked, standing up again.

Flowerpaw nodded. "Sure."

She stood up as well and followed the golden tabby out of the camp. She could sense the gaze of her sister burning into her pelt, but she didn't look back. She needed some alone time, even if it was with Nightpaw.

Once the two apprentices were out of the camp and on the open moorland, Flowerpaw turned to face Nightpaw.

"Race you to the lake!" she challenged and took off down the hill without waiting for Nightpaw to answer.

"No fair!" she heard Nightpaw exclaim, and soon the sound of paws thrumming on the ground filled her ears. She pushed her legs to go as fast as they could as the shimmering lake neared, but she wasn't as fast as she usually was. Nightpaw soon overtook her and she was left trying to catch up with him, his golden tail right in front of her face.

Flowerpaw stopped beside Nightpaw as he sat down at the shore of the lake, panting. Flowerpaw took a deep breath in and let it out, then flopped down. She could hear Nightpaw laughing but she was too tired to try to retaliate.

"Well that was fun," Nightpaw panted.

"For you maybe," Flowerpaw responded, sitting upright.

"You're quite fast," Nightpaw commented. "I can run so much faster in your body."
"Well I didn't realise how strong you were," Flowerpaw meowed, looking into Nightpaw's eyes.

Nightpaw looked away from her, his gaze falling on his reflection in the lake. Flowerpaw followed his eyes and looked down at her own reflection. It was so strange for her to look down and expect to see a golden tabby, but see a black tom looking back at her. She heard Nightpaw let out a sigh beside her.

"Hey Flowerpaw?" he meowed, looking back at her.

"Yeah?" Flowerpaw looked beside her to see yellow eyes looking at her.

"I know this is long overdue but..." Nightpaw hesitated for a moment. "I'm so sorry."

Flowerpaw smiled. She had been waiting for this for moons, but now that he was saying, she knew she needed to say it as well.

"So am I," she mewed.

"This is all my fault, I treated you horribly because I thought it was the only way to act towards you," Nightpaw sighed, looking at his paws.

"It's not all your fault," she told him. "If I hadn't retaliated, you never would've continued, and I was being mean to you as well."

Nightpaw looked up at her again.

"I really, truly am sorry," he mewed.

"I'm sorry as well."

"Do you think we can be friends?" he asked her, a hopeful glint in his eyes.

Flowerpaw nodded with a smile. "Yeah, friends."

She reached toward him and gave his cheek a lick. She could see him go rigid with embarrassment, and she let out a small laugh.

"What a nightmare this has been, right?" Nightpaw chuckled awkwardly.

Flowerpaw nodded, looking down at her paws. It really *was* like a nightmare.

"Also, Flowerpaw," Nightpaw added. "I need to tell you that I think I love...I love..." He trailed off.

"What do you love?" Flowerpaw prompted, her face starting to feel hot.

"I love y...your fur. It's really soft," Nightpaw finally finished, giving his chest fur a quick, embarrassed lick.

Flowerpaw opened her mouth to respond, but nearly jumped with fright as a large drop of rain landed on her head. She and Nightpaw both looked up and saw dark grey clouds had filled the sky and rain was starting to pour down. It got heavier with every passing second.

"Let's find some shelter," Nightpaw suggested and raced for the nearest bush.

Flowerpaw quickly pelted after him, her whiskers already dripping wet. She pushed her way under the holly bush that Nightpaw was in and huddled down next to him.

"You're wet," Nightpaw commented with a laugh.

"Really? I hadn't noticed," Flowerpaw retorted sarcastically.

"You know, I think we've proved to Maplefur that we've learned our lesson," Nightpaw told her, his whiskers quivering. "And if she won't do anything about it, then we will!"

Flowerpaw looked at him quizzically, waiting for him to explain himself.

"We need to go to the Moonpool ourselves!" Nightpaw declared.

***

After trekking through their territory to the Moonpool in the rain, Nightpaw and Flowerpaw were soaking wet by the time they reached the shelter of the cave.

"Whoa!" Flowerpaw breathed as she looked down the narrow path leading to the Moonpool.

"It's amazing," Nightpaw agreed, placing his paw down in a dimple left by past Clan cats. "Come on, we need to get to the Moonpool."

He quickly took off down the path. It was hard to see in the dark, but he could feel the side of the cave with his whiskers. Soon, the two apprentices emerged in a bigger cave with a shimmering pool in the middle. Nightpaw watched in wonder as water flowed out from a cleft in the rocks into the Moonpool.

He took a step forward so he stood beside Flowerpaw at the edge of the pool. They exchanged a quick, nervous glance, then looked back down at the Moonpool. Nightpaw leaned down and lapped up a few drops of the icy water. He tried not to jump back as the cold floor pierced through him when he settled down, but he stayed where he was. He felt calmer when he felt Flowerpaw's warm body press up against him, and, smiling, he leaned into her soft fur and drifted off to sleep.

"Nightpaw, wake up," a gentle voice breathed in Nightpaw's ear.

Flowerpaw? No, my voice doesn't sound like that. Are we back in the Clan?

Nightpaw opened his eyes and looked up to see a light brown tabby tom with soft green eyes and stars in his pelt looking at him. He felt like he remembered this cat, but he couldn't place where.

Wait...

"Nettlecoat!" Nightpaw exclaimed with realisation. "You're the one who switched me and Flowerpaw!"

"So did I," a new voice sounded behind him.

Turning around, Nightpaw saw a light grey she-cat with stars glistening in her pelt standing beside a black tom.

"I'm Cloudfern," the she-cat meowed. "And I believe this is Flowerpaw."

Nightpaw bounded toward Flowerpaw and pressed up against her. Anxiety was prickling in his paws and his chest was fluttering.

"This was a mistake," he whispered as he looked at the two StarClan cats, who were staring at them.

"No, Cloudfern is the cat who switched us," Flowerpaw explained. "So did Nettlecoat I guess. They can switch us back!"

Nightpaw looked at the StarClan cats; they were smiling at him kindly. He took a step back in shock when he saw white stars swirling around their paws.

"Come forward," Cloudfern instructed.

Nightpaw and Flowerpaw were both hesitant, but they took a timid step forward. Nettlecoat reached his paw towards Nightpaw and tapped his nose. Nightpaw looked at him suspiciously as Cloudfern did the same to Flowerpaw.

"What was that supposed to do?" he demanded.

"You two have proven that you're ready, this is the final step," Cloudfern meowed. "Touch noses."

Nightpaw turned to look at Flowerpaw, taking in her appearance, hoping it was the last time he would see her like this. Her eyes weren't quite amber, but seemed to be swirling with gold. He watched her as she took a deep breath in, then he did the same. He focused on his breathing for a moment, then pressed his nose against Flowerpaw's.

A white light enveloped the two apprentices, spiraling around their heads, then weaving around their paws, before whooshing past them, buffeting their fur around. A familiar tingling rushed up Nightpaw's spine, and when he looked at Flowerpaw, all he could see were stars rushing around her.

A sudden feeling of falling made Nightpaw jump, and when he opened his eyes, he was beside the Moonpool. His breathing was heavy and ragged, and the tips of his ears still tingled slightly. He glanced beside him where Flowerpaw was sitting and relief washed

over him; her pelt was its usual beautiful, golden tabby self. She blinked open her eyes and he smiled as he looked into them and saw a yellow as bright as the sun. They widened as she looked at him, and she tackled him to the ground.

"We're back to normal!" she cried, her voice as happy as ever.

"We should get back to camp," Nightpaw meowed, pushing Flowerpaw off him. He could see the rising sun above them and knew that the Clan would be worried about them.

Flowerpaw nodded, her fluffy golden fur sticking up. The two apprentices stood up and walked back up the narrow path until they broke out of the darkness and stepped into the sunlight.

As they made their way back to the camp, Nightpaw wrapped his tail around Flowerpaw's. The golden tabby looked at him in surprise,but she smiled and intertwined her tail with his even more.

Chapter ten-Flowerpaw

Flowerpaw crouched down, watching the little brown rabbit in front of her. Nightpaw was on the other side of it, standing downwind so it couldn't smell him. Flowerpaw waited till he flicked his tail in signal, then she bounded toward the rabbit. Its eyes widened as she came for it, and it turned around and darted right into Nightpaw's claws.

"Good job!" she praised him as he executed the killing bite.

"That was very well done indeed," Dawnmist meowed as she stepped toward the two apprentices. "That concludes the last part of the assessment."

Nightpaw looked at Flowerpaw excitedly, his tail swishing back and forth.

"Does that mean I can finally get my warrior name?" he asked his mentor.

Dawnmist nodded. Nightpaw jumped into the air with excitement and let out a yowl of delight.

"That's great!" Flowerpaw mewed, watching Nightpaw jump around.

"And you'll have yours in the next moon hopefully!" Nightpaw told her, stepping toward her.

Flowerpaw smiled and pushed her muzzle against Nightpaw's.

"I'm glad you two are finally getting along," Dawnmist smirked.

Flowerpaw quickly jumped away from Nightpaw with embarrassment. It had been nearly half a moon since they had switched back, and it was obvious that Flowerpaw and Nightpaw were friends, but no one needed to know how Flowerpaw really felt about the black-furred apprentice. She didn't want to tell him, though, in case he didn't feel the same towards her. It wouldn't

surprise her.

"Alright, let's get back to camp," Nightpaw suggested, cutting into Flowerpaw's thoughts. "I want to get ready for my ceremony!"

Flowerpaw was happy that Nightpaw had chosen her to help with his assessment, considering that the last time she helped with his assessment she was him and she failed, even if it was on purpose.

The three cats quickly made their way back to the camp, pushing through the strong wind blowing against them. Leaf-bare was nearly upon the Clans, and the weather was getting colder every day. Flowerpaw wanted to get back to camp as fast as possible as her fur was blown around by the crisp wind.

"Are you excited?" Flowerpaw asked Nightpaw as they walked side-by-side.

"Oh yeah!" Nightpaw exclaimed. "I've been waiting for this for ages!"

"And the Gathering is tonight, you can show off your new warrior name there!" Flowerpaw told him, now getting herself excited.

"I wonder if Lionpaw will be there," Nightpaw added in a mocking tone, smirking at Flowerpaw. The golden tabby cringed.

"I'm never going to interact with that ThunderClan mouse-brain again!" Flowerpaw growled, thinking about the golden-brown tabby tom.

"I'm glad," Nightpaw whispered in her ear, his muzzle brushing against her cheek.

Flowerpaw felt her face go hot with embarrassment. *Maybe he does reciprocate my feelings,* Flowerpaw hoped silently. She felt her paws go weak as Nightpaw intertwined his tail with hers, and she never wanted this moment to end.

***

The whole Clan crowded around Tallrock as Eveningstar stood on

it, looking down at Nightpaw. The black apprentice's fur was neatly groomed, and pride gleamed in his eyes. Flowerpaw stood near the front so she could get a good view of the ceremony.

Eveningstar cleared his throat to get the Clan's attention, then started the ceremony with words passed down from leader to leader.

"I, Eveningstar, leader of WindClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to you as a warrior in his turn."
Flowerpaw could see Nightpaw's black tail quivering with excitement. She was proud of him for finally becoming a warrior, considering everything that had happened recently.

Eveningstar continued. "Nightpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?" the leader asked.

Nightpaw took a confident step forward with determination in his amber eyes. "I do," he said firmly.

Eveningstar gave the apprentice a nod of approval. "Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Nightpaw, from this moment on, you will be known as Nightfrost. StarClan honours your skill and your determination, and we welcome you as a full warrior of WindClan."

Flowerpaw watched eagerly as the leader jumped down from Tallrock and rested his nose on Nightfrost's head, who then gave Eveningstar's shoulder a respectful lick.

"Nightfrost! Nightfrost!" The Clan erupted into cheers for the new warrior.

Flowerpaw's heart melted when Lilyblossom's kits bundled out of the nursery, also cheering Nightfrost's name. Lilyblossom and Eaglewing had named the light brown tabby tom Rapidkit, and the white-and-brown tabby tom was called Antkit. They were beautiful kits, and Flowerpaw found herself hoping that she could have her

own kits, maybe with Nightfrost. She would be a warrior in a moon, then she would *really* be able to take Nightfrost as a mate.

Flowerpaw stepped towards Nightfrost, wanting to congratulate him personally, but stopped when Cherrypaw cut her off. Her sister looked at her for a moment, giving her a hard stare, before softening her gaze.

"Flowerpaw," the tabby she-cat mewed, her voice caring. "What's with the sudden change? You used to hate him, now you're always mooning over him."

"So?" Flowerpaw asked, getting defensive.

"I just don't want you to get hurt," Cherrypaw whispered.

Flowerpaw wanted to yell that Cherrypaw was just bitter that Nightpaw had rejected her, but she didn't want to start an argument now, especially not with her sister.

"Thank you, Cherrypaw," Flowerpaw said calmly, "but I think I'll be okay." She pushed past her sister and padded up to Nightfrost. The black warrior looked at her, excitement gleaming in his eyes.

"I'm a warrior!" he exclaimed.

"Good job," Flowerpaw mewed, rasping her tongue over his cheek. "It's a great name."

"I bet yours will be beautiful, like you," Nightfrost mewed, looking directly into Flowerpaw's eyes.

Flowerpaw looked for the words to tell Nightfrost how she felt, but she couldn't; she was speechless. Her face went hot when Nightfrost leaned down and whispered in her ear.

"I'll make sure I don't act like an idiot like you did with Cherrypaw. I'll tell you exactly how I feel."

Flowerpaw followed the new warrior as he walked away from the dispersing crowd, and the two cats sat down with each other in a quiet part of the camp.

"That night, when I told you I loved your fur," Nightfrost started, looking awkwardly at the ground. "I was really trying to tell you that I think I'm falling in love...with you."

Flowerpaw stared at the warrior, shocked. If she was speechless before, then she was completely lost for words now.

He does feel the same way!

"Well?" Nightfrost prompted.

"I think the feeling is mutual," Flowerpaw mewed softly. "I think I've fallen for you, however mouse-brained you can be."

Nightfrost laughed and rubbed his muzzle against Flowerpaw's, making her face heat up. A purr rumbled in her throat; she never wanted to move from this spot again.

***

Flowerpaw jumped down from the tree-bridge, the pebbles on the shore digging into her paws. As she pushed her way through the bushes, she scented the air, determining that WindClan was the first to arrive.

She stepped into the clearing where the Gatherings were held and sat beside Nightfrost, who had beaten her there.

"Are you excited for your first Gathering as a warrior?" she asked him.

Nightfrost nodded eagerly, his amber eyes glowing in the darkness.

Flowerpaw whipped her head around as she heard the thrumming of paws on the tree-bridge. She drew in the scents pouring into the clearing and figured out which Clan it was; ThunderClan.

Oh great, Flowerpaw rolled her eyes. *Lionpaw will probably be here.*

Flowerpaw's suspicions were proven correct when she saw a familiar golden-brown tabby shape emerge from the bushes and into the clearing. When Lionpaw's blue gaze fell on Flowerpaw, he

smiled and bounded over to them.

"Hey Flowerpaw!" he greeted her.

"Hi," Flowerpaw gave him a half-hearted greeting.

"Want to go talk in private?" he asked her, stepping closer.

Flowerpaw felt relief wash over her as Nightfrost stepped in front of her, blocking Lionpaw.

"Back off," he growled at the ThunderClan cat.

"I'm allowed to talk to her," Lionpaw growled back, his hackles rising.

"Listen, Lionpaw-"

"Lionpaw? I'm Lionstrike now!" Lionstrike boasted, puffing out his chest.

"Good for you, I'm Nightfrost, now leave her alone," Nightfrost snarled, drawing his lips back to show his teeth.

Lionstrike took a step back, then bounded away, back to his Clan.

"Let's hope he stays away," Nightfrost commented, smirking at Flowerpaw.

"Thank you for that," Flowerpaw meowed, a smile spreading across her face.

"I'll do anything for you," Nightfrost replied, flicking her flank with his tail.

Flowerpaw jumped when Troutstar of RiverClan announced that the Gathering would start.

"I didn't even realise that the other Clans were here!" Flowerpaw exclaimed quietly.

Nightfrost smiled at her, intertwined his tail with hers, and then looked up at the leaders.

Flowerpaw pressed up against him, feeling his warmthagainst her. She smiled and let out a soft purr, before looking up at theleaders as well.

Epilogue

Flowersong sat beside her mate, Nightfrost, their tails intertwined. A wide smile spread across her face as she watched her three kits step forward. They had been training so hard for the past six moons, and finally they were being given their warrior names.

Her son, Birchpaw, looked back at his mother and father. Flowersong could tell that he was nervous by the panic in his yellow eyes. His golden tabby fur was on end, even though Flowersong had just groomed him.

"He looks like you when you got your warrior name," Nightfrost commented, leaning closer to Flowersong. "He's got your fur and eyes, it's not hard to see you in him."

"Hush!" Flowersong whispered to her mate, nudging his flank.

Nightfrost smiled at his mate, then looked back at his kits. Darkpaw, his oldest daughter, had her black tail swishing from side-to-side excitedly. She couldn't seem to stay still, even as she stepped forward to receive her warrior name.

"I wish Darkpaw would hold still," Flowersong chuckled. "I can't get a good view with her bouncing all over the place."

Flowersong watched as the youngest of her three kits, Amberpaw, stepped forward with her litter-mates. She didn't seem to be quite as nervous as her brother, but her paws looked like they were shaking slightly.

Flowersong felt excitement wash over her as the ceremony began. Eveningstar said the words as old as the Clans themselves, and Flowersong eagerly leaned forward as it came time for her kits to receive their warrior names.

"Darkpaw," Eveningstar beckoned the black she-cat forward. "From

this moment on, you will be known as Darkpetal. StarClan honours your enthusiasm and spirit, and we welcome you as a full warrior of WindClan." The leader then looked down at Birchpaw, who was clearly starting to shake with nervousness.

"Birchpaw, from this moment on, you will be known as Birchgorse. StarClan honours your intelligence and strategy, and we welcome you as a full warrior of WindClan."

The golden tabby tom's shoulders sagged with relief when his warrior name was announced. He looked back at Flowersong and Nightfrost again, this time joy filling his eyes.

"And Amberpaw," Eveningstar continued, looking down at the dark orange she-cat. "From this moment on, you will be known as Amberflower. StarClan honours your thoughtfulness and kindness, and we welcome you as a full warrior of WindClan."

Eveningstar jumped down from Tallrock and placed his nose on each new warrior's head, who all in turn, gave his shoulder a respectful lick.

Flowersong was the first to start cheering out the new names of her kits. Nightfrost joined in immediately after, followed by the rest of the Clan.

"Darkpetal! Birchgorse! Amberflower!"

Flowersong felt so honoured to have her own kit be named after her. She looked at all of her kits with pride, and bounded over to congratulate them.

"I'm so proud of all of you!" she exclaimed, covering them with licks.

"So am I," Nightfrost added more calmly, brushing his tail against all of them.

"Thank you," Amberflower mewed, rubbing her muzzle against her mother's cheek.

"Let me congratulate them as well!" a voice sounded behind

Flowersong.

The golden tabby turned around to see her sister, Cherrystep, walking up to her. Her belly swung heavily beneath her, weighed down with kits that would be born soon. A weary Ashfleck walked beside her, supporting her weight on his shoulder.

"I'm proud of you three as well," Cherrystep mewed, placing her tail on her sister's shoulder. "I hope my kits are as well behaved as yours."

"I know they'll be beautiful with you as their mother," Flowersong purred, reassuring her sister.

"Of course they will," Ashfleck meowed, smiling at his mate. "Now get back to the nursery, you need some rest."

Cherrystep waved her tail goodbye before being whisked away to the nursery by her fretting mate.

Flowersong's smile spread even wider when she saw her brother, Pigeonfeather, padding up to them.

"You and Cherrystep are lucky to have such good mates," he pouted.

"Oh come on!" Darkpetal exclaimed. "Specklepounce has been mooning over you for ages!" Pigeonfeather flicked her ear with his tail.

"I'm proud to have been your mentor," he told Darkpetal, a smirk on his face. "You've got my mischief, that's for sure."

Darkpetal rolled her eyes, then turned to her litter-mates.

"Come on! Let's go have our first fresh-kill as warriors!" she told her litter-mates, before running off to the fresh-kill pile.

"She's just like you, Nightfrost. Always thinking with her stomach," a tom meowed. Flowersong turned to see that it was Beeflight, Nightfrost's brother.

"Oh, shut up," Nightfrost chuckled, cuffing his brother's ear.

Beeflight had a laugh with his brother for a moment, before heading back to the medicine den.

Nightfrost looked back at his mate and pushed his nose against hers.

"Our kits are all grown up now," he mewed. "And I couldn't be more proud of them."

"Me neither," Flowersong purred. As she pushed againstNightfrost's warm fur, she couldn't help but think that the incident with themswitching bodies all those moons ago had really changed them. Their nightmarehad turned into a dream, and they were never waking up from it.

I finished writing this story well over a year ago, I'm glad I finally had the sense to put the rest of it up! Hope you enjoyed reading, I certainly enjoyed writing it!

warriorcats-mlp out!